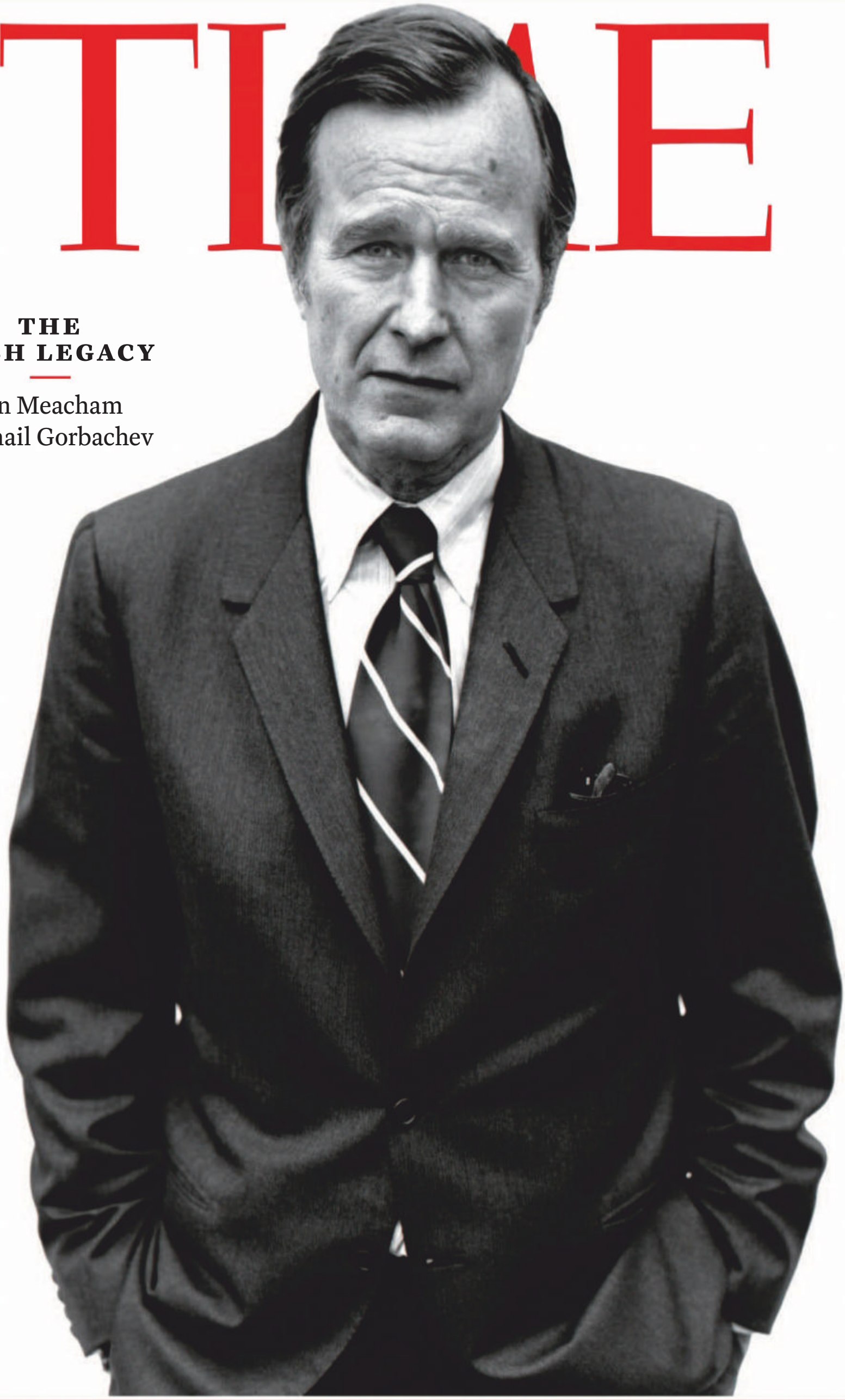
DOUBLE ISSUE

DECEMBER 17, 2018

TIME

THE BUSH LEGACY

Jon Meacham
Mikhail Gorbachev



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Vice President George H.W. Bush and Barbara Bush lounge in bed at their Kennebunkport, Maine, summer home on Aug. 22, 1987, with grandchildren and daughter-in-law Margaret

Photograph by David Valdez—White House/The LIFE Picture Collection/Getty Images

ON THE COVER:
George Bush, CIA director. Langley, Va., March 2, 1976.

Photograph by Richard Avedon—© The Richard Avedon Foundation

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Conversation

WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT ...

UNITED BY GRIEF The Dec. 10 cover story on the bond among parents of children who died in mass shootings, by Haley Sweetland Edwards and Belinda Luscombe, drew emotional reactions from readers who had also lost children. "As a mother who has lost a son, I know the feeling of being outside 'normal' life, forever," wrote Lynette S. Danylchuk of San Mateo, Calif. And Tim Teague of Waterford, Va., wrote of how "strange" it was "to be anywhere and feel like the world is moving on, but I am stuck." But Gary Vogel of Sanford, Fla., worried that the story blurred a line between the issue of "the unique grief that parents who have lost a child endure" and the issue of how those particular children died. "Both these topics are important," he wrote, "but they are separate."

> ***'There's no cover large enough to photograph the devastation and heartbreak.'***
>
> **@THEMAINEPAIN,** Twitter

SECRET'S OUT Many female readers agreed with Amy Odell's analysis in the same issue of how Victoria's Secret is struggling to stay relevant. "Comfortable is the new sexy," tweeted @_mia_lia; Rebecca Watkins of Eastern Sierra, Calif., echoed that idea in describing the lingerie company's discontinuing her favorite style. "I got the message that big is not sexy and old is not worthy," she wrote, "[and] forget it if you want comfort." Jeannine Schafer of Redwood City, Calif., tweeted, "Women revolting against being sold an unattainable ideal at this scale makes my brain tingle."

> ***'Female autonomy & diversity = the new sexy. Not everyone can keep up.'***
>
> **WEDNESDAY MARTIN,** author of *Primates of Park Avenue,* on Twitter

SPECIAL COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE In addition to this week's cover story, TIME is examining the life and legacy of the 41st U.S. President, George H.W. Bush, with a new Time Inc. Books anthology. Starting with an introduction by Pulitzer Prize winner and Bush biographer Jon Meacham, the book features iconic photography, excerpts from the President's private letters and political analysis from a wide range of contributors. The commemorative book is available now at retailers and on Amazon.

GIFT GUIDE TIME editors and correspondents have ideas for everyone on your list, from cameras and curling irons (Leica's M10-D or the Dyson Airwrap, bottom) to essentials and entertainment (the Quip toothbrush or Nintendo Switch, top). More at **time.com/2018-gifts**

bonus TIME health

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HISTORY Forty years after the Jonestown massacre resulted in the deaths of more than 900 people, TIME.com presents an in-depth look at how the U.S. military dealt with the mission of cleaning up what was left behind—and how that experience affected the crew members in the long run. See **time.com/jonestown**

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‘Don’t you like it here with me?’

CIMON,
an artificial-intelligence device designed to assist aboard the International Space Station, chastising German astronaut Alexander Gerst after their communications turned glitchy while recording a demo video

$266.1 million

Domestic grosses earned by Taylor Swift’s Reputation stadium concert tour, the highest for any U.S. tour since Billboard Boxscore started keeping track in 1990; Swift sold more than 2 million tickets during the tour, which ended in November

‘IT’S NOT ALWAYS ENOUGH TO LEAN IN.’

MICHELLE OBAMA,
former U.S. First Lady, speaking at a book-tour event on Dec. 1 about problems with the idea that women can “have it all”

‘Mr. Ratelband is at liberty to feel 20 years younger than his real age and to act accordingly.’

ARNHEM DISTRICT COURT,
ruling that Dutch TV personality Emile Ratelband, 69, can’t legally change his date of birth just because he feels more like a 49-year-old

‘The collapse of our civilizations and the extinction of much of the natural world is on the horizon.’

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH,
Planet Earth narrator, in a speech kicking off the United Nations Climate Change Conference in Katowice, Poland

‘I take marijuana to stay awake.’

RODRIGO DUTERTE,
Philippine President, joking that he uses drugs to cope with his busy schedule; his war on drugs has included the sanctioned killing of thousands of accused drug dealers and users

47

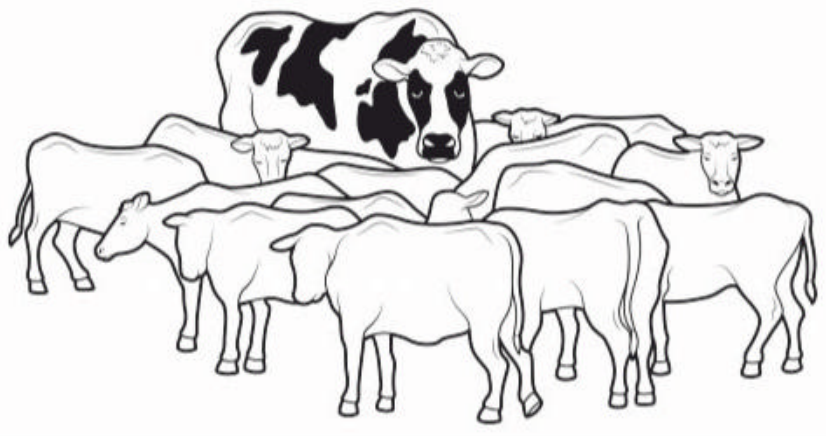
Percentage of New Jersey residents ages 18 to 34 who live with a parent, the highest such rate in the U.S., according to the North Jersey *Record*’s analysis of 2017 Census data

Coral reefs
Report says current efforts to save them are not working

The color coral
Living Coral is the 2019 Pantone Color of the Year

6 ft. 4 in.

Height of a steer named Knickers, deemed too large to go to the slaughterhouse, who gained viral fame from a photo of him standing among much shorter cattle in Western Australia



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BROWN BIRD DESIGN FOR TIME

SOURCES: AP; ESA; NATIONAL ACADEMIES; NEW YORK TIMES

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AVENGERS: INFINITY WAR AVAILABLE NOW ON DIGITAL AND BLU-RAY.

The Brief

FORCE MAJEURE Demonstrators in symbolic safety vests storm the Arc de Triomphe during a weekend of protests on Dec. 1–2

INSIDE

ALASKA RUSHES TO FIX ITS ROADS AFTER DAMAGE FROM A 7.0 QUAKE

WHAT PUBLIC-HEALTH EXPERTS THINK ABOUT CHINA'S FENTANYL PLEDGE

REMEMBERING A CHEF WHO CHAMPIONED MEXICO'S CUISINE AROUND THE WORLD

PHOTOGRAPH BY YOAN VALAT

WORLD

France's Yellow Vests straitjacket Macron

By Vivienne Walt/Paris

IN NOVEMBER, FRENCH PRESIDENT EMMANUEL Macron stood under the Arc de Triomphe in Paris and told world leaders on the centennial of World War I that they needed to work together to solve global problems.

Less than a month later, the French leader is trying to find the right phrase to unite his own citizens amid perhaps the worst street violence in Paris in 50 years. The *gilet jaune* or Yellow Vest protests that erupted in the French capital and across the country in November and December risk torpedoing Macron's young presidency and threatening his reform efforts, leaving him open to challenges by far-right and far-left rivals.

Named for the high-visibility vests they wear to demonstrations, the Yellow Vests took to the streets for a third consecutive weekend on Dec. 1–2. Although Macron activated an additional 4,600 security personnel and had tall barriers erected along the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, demonstrators managed to reach the Arc de Triomphe, partly vandalizing the war memorial under the arch.

The protests began in mid-November over an almost banal grievance: Macron's decision to raise the tax on fuel in order to finance renewable-energy proposals. The tax would increase the price of diesel by 30¢ per gallon and regular gasoline by 17¢ per gallon, after a year in which prices have already risen by 16%. The tax is especially resented in small-town and rural areas, where more people depend on their cars and jobs are not as plentiful or well paid as in the capital.

But the protest has mushroomed into a much wider rejection of Macron and his policies, which the Yellow Vests say favor the rich. "Macron came out of the banks and finance, and that goes down very badly for many people," says Thierry Paul Valette, a protest coordinator in Paris. The President attended an elite university and was an investment banker before being appointed Economy Minister in 2014. "We do not like rich people in France," Valette says.

VOTERS SEEMED TO LIKE MACRON enough when he won the presidency in May 2017 with 66% of the vote in a runoff against the far-right candidate Marine Le Pen. But Eddy Fougier, a political analyst at the Paris-based Institute for International and Strategic Affairs, says his support was driven by disappointment at the two parties that have led France for decades and fear of the far right. "He was elected largely by default."

Since then Macron has done little to win over those beyond his base of middle-class professionals, 38% of whom still approve of him, according to a Dec. 4 survey by pollster IFOP. Soon after taking office he scrapped the so-called wealth tax, which had been imposed on taxpayers with assets worth more than €1.3 million ($1.47 million). At the same time, he hiked taxes on retirees.

Macron's often blunt communication style has made matters worse, fueling the perception that he doesn't understand life on the breadline. Numerous protesters interviewed by TIME cited Macron's recent off-the-cuff remark to an unemployed man that he could "cross the street and find a job" at a local café. Only 11% of those polled by IFOP think he understands the concerns of the French people, while other polls suggest 7 in 10 support the protests.

On the streets, protesters' frustrations have spilled into destructive violence. Hundreds have been injured and four people have died, according to police. Some attribute this to the right-wing fringe groups and anarchist factions that have come to the fore as turnout for the demonstrations has diminished. One group's slogan is ACAB, for All Cops Are Bastards, according to reporters at the scene.

While the Yellow Vests are led by no political party, both Le Pen and far-left leader Jean-Luc Mélenchon have called for the National Assembly to be dissolved and fresh elections called. That was the solution in May 1968, when widespread strikes and protests by workers and students brought the French economy to a halt for over a month. Macron's government has ruled out such a move.

In fact, there is no easy political solution for Macron against a movement that has no leader, no set list of demands and no geographic base. On Dec. 5 his government said it would scrap the fuel-tax increase at least through 2019. But hours before, some of the self-proclaimed Yellow Vest leaders issued far broader demands, including boosting pensions and minimum wages.

For now Macron will hope that the tax cancellation and the violence begin to dampen public support for the protests and that the holidays sap turnout. But the damage to his broader ambitions may be harder to repair. Since being elected, Macron has attempted to cast himself as the successor to Europe's de facto leader, German Chancellor Angela Merkel, who plans to step down in 2021 after 16 years in power.

But with his approval ratings flatlining at 23%, Fougier doubts Macron will be re-elected in 2022. "His only route to a second term is if the economic situation gets better, unemployment goes down and salaries go up and no other party produces an attractive leader in the next three years," he says. "It's a tall order." —*With reporting by* CIARA NUGENT/LONDON

'Macron came out of the banks and finance, and that goes down very badly for many people.'

THIERRY PAUL VALETTE, a protest coordinator, on why the French President isn't popular

PREVIOUS PAGE: EPA-EFE/SHUTTERSTOCK; THESE PAGES: MACRON: GETTY IMAGES; ALASKA: MARC LESTER—ANCHORAGE DAILY NEWS/AP

ROCKY ROAD When a 7.0-magnitude earthquake struck near Anchorage on Nov. 30, it sent residents scrambling and streetlights tumbling. It also splintered many streets and highways, like Vine Road, pictured above, south of the city of Wasilla. While there were no reports of deaths or serious injuries from the earthquake, officials said the damage to Alaska's infrastructure could take weeks to fix. The state department of transportation counted about 50 spots with damage, including eight that would need major repairs. More than 1,000 smaller aftershocks may have contributed to extra cracking.

THE BULLETIN

Mexico's new President takes office, promising radical change

WHEN THE NEW MEXICAN PRESIDENT Andrés Manuel López Obrador (known by his initials AMLO) took office on Dec. 1, he promised to "transform" Mexico into a more equal, less corrupt country. "I have no right to fail you," he said at his inauguration. But the left-wing leader has his work cut out for him.

INTERIOR VIOLENCE López Obrador began his term with a focus on law and order, in a country where homicides hit a record high of 29,168 in 2017. On his third day in office, he opened a new investigation into the disappearance of 43 students in 2014, an unresolved case that symbolizes for many Mexicans the ubiquity of corrupt police and the impunity of cartels. He appears to have abandoned campaign pledges to demilitarize the war on drugs, but his proposal to offer amnesty for low-level criminals and his support for more liberal drug laws risk alienating the U.S., which spent over $100 million on counternarcotics efforts and policing in Mexico in 2018 alone.

BAD NEIGHBORS Even before AMLO took office, Mexico's relationship with the U.S. was being tested by President Trump's threats to close the border as migrant caravans headed north through the country. The new President agreed on Dec. 1 to a development fund for Guatemala, El Salvador and Honduras in an attempt to tackle the issue, but Trump might want more. Trade, too, presents hurdles; the new free-trade agreement with the U.S. and Canada approved by Mexico's last President might yet collapse.

TESTY MARKETS López Obrador has pledged to revolutionize Mexico's "neoliberal" economy, and he has slashed salaries for top bureaucrats—including his own. These promises and his leftist background have spooked the markets; since October, when he pledged to cancel the construction of a $13 billion Mexico City airport, Mexican stocks have lost 16% of their value. If he is to enact his policies, he must reckon with their effects on the market, and of the market on his government. —BILLY PERRIGO

NEWS TICKER

Qatar pulls out of OPEC and opts for gas

Qatar announced Dec. 3 that in January it would **leave OPEC, the oil producers' cartel,** to focus on natural gas production. The Gulf nation joined in 1961 and is one of the group's smaller producers. The announcement followed a Saudi-led blockade of Qatar that began in June 2017.

Mueller: Flynn gave 'substantial assistance'

Special counsel Robert Mueller recommended on Dec. 4 that former Trump National Security Adviser **Michael Flynn serve no prison time,** in light of his help with ongoing investigations. After pleading guilty last year to lying to investigators, Flynn provided valuable information, Mueller said.

Mafia 'godfather' detained

Italy said Dec. 4 that police had **arrested Settimo Mineo, alleged leader of the Sicilian Mafia,** and 45 associates on charges including arson and extortion. Mineo, 80, was reportedly elected head of La Cosa Nostra in May. Deputy Prime Minister Matteo Salvini called the raid "an extraordinary intervention."

NEWS TICKER

North Carolina investigates election fraud

State regulators in North Carolina have **refused to certify preliminary results in the race for the state's 9th Congressional District,** which has been roiled by allegations of election fraud. Investigating the claim that people working for Republican candidate Mark Harris illegally collected absentee ballots could take weeks.

Abuse scandal hits Afghan soccer

Soccer's governing body FIFA said on Nov. 30 that it is examining **claims of sexual and physical abuse against the Afghanistan women's team** by officials from the country's soccer federation, which denied the allegations. The Afghan government is conducting its own investigation.

Data breaches at Marriott, Quora

Hackers separately accessed data from up to 500 million guests of Marriott's Starwood hotels and 100 million Quora users, the companies said on Nov. 30 and Dec. 4 respectively. **Two class-action lawsuits have been filed against Marriott,** which promised to pay for digital-security services for those affected.

GOOD QUESTION

Will China's opioid pledge really help the U.S. overdose epidemic?

THE U.S. OPIOID EPIDEMIC IS IN MANY WAYS not one large public-health problem but rather a devastating and difficult series of interconnected issues. Now, as part of a deal struck between President Donald Trump and Chinese leader Xi Jinping during the G-20 summit, China has reportedly pledged to take action on one piece of that puzzle: its role in the supply chain for the synthetic opioid fentanyl and similar drugs.

The two sides have spoken of the agreement's details in differing terms. On Dec. 1, the White House hailed China's decision to designate fentanyl a controlled substance as a "humanitarian gesture"; Chinese officials said they'll label chemically similar analogues, not just fentanyl, as controlled substances. Either way, the move is framed as a step toward potentially slowing the drugs' flow into the U.S.

But such a promise is about more than goodwill. The real question is whether the policy will actually achieve its desired outcome: curtailing record-high drug-overdose deaths in the U.S., more of which than ever involve strong synthetic opioids like fentanyl.

American officials have long maintained that much of the fentanyl in the U.S. originates in China and have criticized the country for failing to stop the drug and related substances from reaching U.S. borders. While it's hard to say exactly how much fentanyl comes from China, the drug is undeniably damaging. Synthetic opioids like fentanyl were involved in roughly 30,000 of 70,000 fatal overdoses last year, an increase of 45% over 2016.

Some lawmakers and government officials, including those at the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), have praised the reported crackdown. "The DEA is hopeful this action taken in China will deliver a major blow to the high volume of fentanyl-related overdoses … and result in a major decline of such deaths," says spokesman Melvin Patterson.

Public-health experts have reservations. Rebecca Haffajee, a lawyer and assistant professor of health management and policy at the University of Michigan School of Public Health, agrees that curbing access to fentanyl is a priority but notes that China has historically struggled with enforcement.

And Leo Beletsky, an associate professor of law and health sciences at Northeastern University, stresses that public-health work must focus on lowering the demand for drugs like fentanyl, not just the supply. "We have to make sure that people who are either dependent on opioids for pain or who are addicted to opioids are able to get the care that they need through our health care system," he says. Otherwise, demand will likely be met by other suppliers or other drugs.

Researchers agree that solving the problem will be more complicated than a single policy shift. "It's not going to be a panacea," Haffajee says. "We need to have a panoply of different interventions and policies to try to attack this from all fronts." —JAMIE DUCHARME

LOOK-ALIKES

Seeing double

On Dec. 2, Nigerian President Muhammadu Buhari directly denied rumors that he had died and been replaced by a body double from Sudan. Here, other twin tales. —*George Steer*

BOGUS BEATLE
Backed by supposed clues in songs and album artwork, some conspiracy theorists spread the idea that Paul McCartney—who turned 76 this year—died in a car crash in 1966 and was replaced with a doppelgänger.

INDIAN IMITATOR
Abhinandan Pathak shot to fame in 2014 in the run-up to India's elections. The reason? He looks just like now Prime Minister Narendra Modi. Pathak even traveled the country to help spread Modi's message.

REPLICA RAPPER
When rapper Gucci Mane left prison in 2016 after serving two years, he seemed so different that fans speculated he'd been replaced by a government clone. "I kind of morphed into a different person," he said of the change.

DIED
Vice Admiral **Scott Stearney,** the top admiral overseeing U.S. naval forces in the Middle East, the Navy said on Dec. 1. He was 58.

DEFECTED
A **North Korean soldier,** to South Korea on Dec. 1, fleeing across the heavily guarded border. South Korean officials escorted him to safety.

APPEALED
A court decision temporarily barring **Sri Lanka's Prime Minister Mahinda Rajapaksa** from holding office, by Rajapaksa on Dec. 4. Despite two no-confidence votes, he has refused to step down.

ANNOUNCED
That the U.S. will **withdraw from NAFTA,** by President Donald Trump on Dec. 2, in a move seen as an attempt to force Democrats to pass a revised version of the pact.

DENIED
Accusations of sexual misconduct, by celebrity astrophysicist **Neil deGrasse Tyson,** who said he'd welcome investigations of his conduct.

BANNED
All **adult content on Tumblr,** by its executives, starting Dec. 17. The social network has been known as a safe place for sex-focused communities, so the ban may alienate some of its most active users.

› The use of **fur and exotic-animal skin** in Chanel collections, the fashion house announced on Dec. 3.

BUHARI: SUNDAY AGHAEZE—AFP/GETTY IMAGES; QUINTANA: ADRIANA ZEHBRAUSKAS—THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDUX

Quintana in her restaurant, Izote, in Mexico City in 2007. It closed in 2013 after the chef was diagnosed with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma

DIED

Patricia Quintana
Matriarch of Mexican cuisine

By Martha Ortiz

I MET PATRICIA QUINTANA, WHO DIED ON NOV. 26 AT 72, when I was a child. My mother was part of the Mexican culinary-art circle, and I would often attend gatherings and dinner parties with her. They included many great women, and we owe our deep insight into our gastronomy to each of them—but especially to Patricia, a woman of extraordinary elegance and spirit.

She was Mexico's culinary ambassador, championing our cuisine around the world. But before that, she was constantly traveling all over Mexico to gather recipes, stories and research, as well as unique photography for her wonderful, dignified book *El Sabor de México* (The Taste of Mexico), her first published in English. In later works, she elevated the traditional mole sauce, the very heart of our cooking, and exalted the pink tamales we eat at festivities. She taught us that Mexican cooking has greatness.

Patricia's cookbooks and her restaurant in Mexico City laid the foundation for the Mexican cuisine that followed. She offered endless advice and inspiration to generations of chefs, promising us a future that we must now sadly enjoy without her. But we will honor her every time we turn on the stove and fan the flame to make it stronger, more daring and more courageous.

Ortiz is a chef and the owner of the restaurants Dulce Patria in Mexico City and Ella Canta in London

DIED

Thomas J.J. Altizer
Death of God theologian

THOMAS J.J. ALTIZER'S name appeared only once, in a footnote, in the TIME cover story that brought his work to the world's notice. But the theologian, who died on Nov. 28 at 91, became central to a religious movement that rocked the 1960s. His ideas helped inspire the magazine's first text-only cover, which drew more than 3,000 reader letters over the question it asked: Is God Dead?

Altizer, who called himself a "Christian atheist," didn't shy away from the scandal that attended his particular school of theology. He held that God was real but had, as it were, passed on, leaving a secular world in which it was up to humanity to find the sacred. He saw that as less of a tragedy than a religious opportunity.

Speaking to TIME in 2016 on the 50th anniversary of the cover story, he talked of an "ecstatic" feeling that lingered over his doings in the '60s. Though he was still working, he missed the feverish excitement of a world in which God was headline news. "I'm not saying this is a bad time," he noted, "but I think it's a rather empty time—empty of the joy that we once celebrated."

—LILY ROTHMAN

Mobile-home residents unite to take on landlords

By Emma Whitford

Sheedy and other residents of the Akron Manufactured Home Community

MARIBETH SHEEDY GOT A LETTER FROM her new landlord the day after Christmas last year. So did many of her neighbors in the Akron Manufactured Home Community in Akron, N.Y. The park's new owner, Florida-based Sunrise Capital Investors, was proposing a rent increase of more than 40% starting in the spring. Anyone who couldn't pay would be evicted.

Mobile-home-park residents, most of whom own their trailers but rent the land beneath them, have always been among America's most vulnerable homeowners. But since the 2008 financial crisis, and as an aging generation of mom-and-pop park owners cashes out, a new breed of investors has bought up a growing share of the market. In 2016, Singapore's sovereign-wealth fund GIC and an unidentified investor bought a 71% stake in YES! Communities, which now owns and operates more than 200 manufactured-home communities across the U.S. This year, Blackstone Group, the world's largest private-equity firm, bought a portfolio of 14 mobile-home parks in California and Arizona for $172 million. Sunrise, a comparatively small investment company with 12 parks nationwide, purchased the Akron park for $3.77 million in November 2017.

The Manufactured Housing Institute, a national trade organization, praises private investment in mobile-home parks. "Investors are often better positioned to commit the necessary resources needed to maintain and upgrade a property," a spokesperson said in a statement to TIME. But Allison Formanack, an anthropology professor at the University of Colorado Boulder who has lived in mobile-home parks for her research, says these acquisitions can harm residents: "When large companies have to make a decision between profit or repair and maintenance, oftentimes they'll go with profit to maintain their shareholder value."

MOBILE HOMES, inhabited by more than 22 million Americans with a median annual income of less than $30,000, represent the largest sector of nonsubsidized affordable housing in the country. Yet demand exceeds supply. Restrictive zoning has slowed the creation of new parks, and moving a trailer to another park is often prohibitively expensive.

According to Sunrise spokesman Ron Favali, Sunrise's goal "is to create clean, safe, friendly communities for all of our residents in all of our properties." But in an episode of his podcast, Sunrise CEO Kevin Bupp urges listeners to raise rents upon purchase, as doing so "goes immediately to your bottom line." Charging residents for utilities "allows you to pass your expense directly on to the resident and make a ton of extra money," he adds.

The Akron tenants got a reprieve from the hike thanks to a state law prohibiting park owners from raising rents more than once in a 12-month period—the previous owners had just issued a $10 increase—but Sunrise still plans to raise rents this December and every year afterward until they hit market rate of at least $500 in 2021. (Residents now pay less than $300.)

Residents nationwide are increasingly challenging their corporate owners. In Akron, they formed a tenant association that's not only fighting the rent hike but also expanding its organizing efforts to include other park tenants, and even traditional apartment renters, in the region. On Dec. 1, Sheedy started collecting checks for a rent strike, one of the first in the country to challenge major rent hikes by a multistate investment firm. She said Sunrise must reduce the increase—$70 to $95 depending on the trailer size—to no more than $20. In the meantime, residents will pay their rent into an escrow account in anticipation of a court fight.

Attorney Sean MacKenzie, representing the park's management company M. Shapiro, says he intends to meet with Sheedy and the tenants' attorney to "gain further insight into any concerns of the tenants." Favali declined to comment on the strike but emphasized that current rents in the park are below market rate.

Sheedy believes the tenants will prevail. "We have nothing to lose," she said.

22 MILLION

Approximate number of Americans living in mobile homes with a median annual income of less than $30,000

This story was supported by the Economic Hardship Reporting Project, a journalism nonprofit

SHANE LAVALETTE FOR TIME

Ad Council
I didn't talk
for a very long time
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Journalist and author **John McPhee** still finds wonder in the outdoors, chocolate and circus bears

By Sean Gregory

WALK AROUND A GIANT GLOBE IN THE LOBBY OF Princeton University's geosciences building, Guyot Hall, and ascend an elevator to the fourth floor. Then head past some rocks—from Italy, British Columbia, Vermont—enclosed in two glass cases. There, a narrow flight of stairs leads you to the top of a rooftop turret and a lone office belonging to the venerable nonfiction writer John McPhee, no geologist, though his book covering fault lines and formations won a Pulitzer Prize two decades ago. Within the walls of Guyot, McPhee essentially works in its Alaska, one of his favorite places.

McPhee, who's contributed pieces to the *New Yorker* since 1963, has spent a lifetime mining fascinating stories from the unsexiest of subjects, like Alaska, geology, oranges, fishing, the wilderness of southern New Jersey. On this early December day, however, McPhee's not filing on deadline. Instead he's winnowing down a pool of 76 applicants to select the 16 Princeton sophomores who will take the spring writing course, now called Creative Nonfiction, that he's taught at the university since 1975. McPhee, 87, doesn't write during the semesters he's teaching. But he insists that being a professor ups his productivity, since he returns to his projects recharged. "When I got to be an old man, I didn't quit," McPhee says. "I'd rather be dealing with these students than staring at the wall."

Given his prolific output, which includes the release of his 30th book, *The Patch,* in November, McPhee's strategy is working just fine. In his new book, McPhee tosses a curious curveball. He divides *The Patch* into two distinct sections: "The Sporting Scene," a collection of stories on fishing, golf, lacrosse and football published in the *New Yorker* in recent years; and "An Album Quilt," a hodgepodge of 56 snippets from McPhee's work over the past half-century-plus in the *New Yorker,* TIME and other places, that had never before appeared in any book. He sifted through 250,000 words of material that could have qualified for the "Album Quilt" and tossed aside 210,000 of them. This project would torture most writers. Not McPhee. "I didn't give a damn about preserving these things," McPhee says. "I wanted to find an entertaining montage."

He did just that. "An Album Quilt" is a delightful assemblage of miscellany, hopping, for example, from a piece on the golf habits of the D.C. elite to a miniprofile of Sophia Loren to a bit about the bears working for the Moscow State Circus. "They make an American think of all those snobbish, slobbish fat brown blubber-bottomed freeloading Yellowstone bears," McPhee writes, "who have yet to lift a claw for their country." A small block imprinted on the page, which mimics the pattern on a quilt that McPhee once received as a gift, divides each of the passages. Some entries are a few pages, others a paragraph.

The book's unusual structure highlights McPhee's underrated gifts. He's known for his exhaustive reporting on the subjects in which he takes an obsessive interest. But in smaller bites, McPhee's writing stands out. *The Patch* is a parade of enviable sentences. McPhee notes that Cary Grant imitators once populated Hollywood. "Grant has many apes but few friends," McPhee writes. He describes a pool of thick chocolate at the Hershey factory in Pennsylvania. "The world record for the fifty-yard free-style would be two hours and ten minutes." McPhee opens a story about climbing hills with an engineer who can pinpoint one's height above sea level. "A person who specializes in handheld altimeters will always know how high he is but may have difficulty keeping his bearings."

WHILE GROWING UP in Princeton, where his father was a sports-medicine physician at the university, Albert Einstein—leonine white hair and all—would watch McPhee and his buddies play ragtag football on the lawn of the Institute for Advanced Study, Einstein's workplace. "He would stand there and contemplate us," McPhee says. In high school he had a gig killing fruit flies and washing centrifuge tubes stained with beef blood for the university's biology department, in the very building where his office now sits.

McPhee's shy and not prone to publicity. None of his book jackets has included an author's photo. During our conversation, he's unfailingly polite and patient. But I get the sense he'd rather be focusing on a more pressing task: evaluating candidates for this writing class. A few years back, family and friends tried to organize an 80th-birthday celebration for him. He squelched it. "I'd rather be deep-fried," McPhee says, with a laugh.

To keep sharp, McPhee tries to ride a bicycle 15 miles every other day in and around Princeton, where he's lived all his life. During these treks, McPhee shares with his riding partners stories about the history of local landmarks, his journalistic adventures, his family. (McPhee dedicates *The Patch* to his 10 grandchildren.) One friend describes him as the world's nicest know-it-all.

McPhee's first job out of college was writing live television plays in the 1950s. To discipline himself,

MCPHEE QUICK FACTS

***TIME* alum**
In the early 1960s, McPhee wrote TIME cover stories on Sophia Loren, Barbra Streisand and Richard Burton.

Sportsman
McPhee's first book, *A Sense of Where You Are,* profiles Bill Bradley. It was published in 1965. He's since written 29 more.

Good listeners
McPhee reads drafts of his work out loud to his wife Yolanda and friend Gordon Gund, the former Cleveland Cavaliers owner, who is blind.

BRYAN ANSELM—REDUX FOR TIME

he'd sometimes strap himself into a chair with his bathrobe belt. "A writer grows on the volume of what the writer writes," McPhee says. "People standing around, over drinks, talking about writing, isn't writing. Writing is when you go off on your own, close the door and fight it out with the blank screen or paper. That is the No. 1 teacher."

He requires that his students submit an outline with every written assignment. "Sooner or later, you have to have a sense of structure, or all you've got is a bowl of spaghetti," McPhee says. He'll accept anything—I, II, III, A, B, C, a doodle, little stick figures. "It's just the basic idea of thinking things out before you do it," says McPhee. "It can be applied to almost anything."

McPhee took a deep dive into his writing process in his previous book, *Draft No. 4,* published last year. *The Patch* trades in lighter fare. He considered setting up "An Album Quilt" chronologically, or noting the original publication date of each entry, or including an index, so if a reader wanted to read about Cary Grant, he could go right to page so-and-so. "But thinking over all these things," McPhee says, "I opted for it to be random, to get rid of any kind of stuff like that. Because I think it's tedious." Part of the fun for the reader is deciphering when a piece was written. A passage about the first word processor to appear in the New York *Times* newsroom—"A tiny square of light, known as the 'cursor,' began to move up the face of the tube. It was something like the bouncing ball that used to hop from word to word in song lyrics on movie screens"—makes quick reference to President Gerald Ford. Bingo!

'I didn't give a damn about preserving these things. I wanted to find an entertaining montage.'

JOHN MCPHEE, on his new book, *The Patch*

He has no plans to retire from writing or teaching. McPhee has an idea, the specifics of which he'd rather not share, that he'll delve into after the spring semester. Before I go, he insists that I look behind me at two bookshelves in his office, which house some 150 books, all written by alums of his writing class. A small model freight car, however, sits atop one of the shelves. One of his former students, who's now on the board of a family-owned rail company in Georgia, sent it to him. To McPhee, helping run a railroad is the top thing. "And if you can't," he says, "write a book." ◻

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LAW

REIMAGINING MUELLER

By Renato Mariotti

As America anxiously awaits special counsel Robert Mueller's so-called final report and proof of "collusion," it should be wary of two truths: Mueller may never write a full "final report," and any bombshells he reveals are unlikely to outline a grand conspiracy. This will not be a failure of the investigation but rather of our own expectations.

INSIDE

WHAT TRUMP'S NEGOTIATIONS WITH CHINA CAN'T SOLVE

WHY SO FEW AMERICANS ARE MAJORING IN HISTORY

HOW TO FIX THE DESTRUCTION IN MOSUL

Federal prosecutors aren't historians or journalists. They don't craft narratives. (And they almost never write reports.) They investigate potential violations of federal law. Although those investigations can be wide-ranging, charges are usually written narrowly—and for a good reason. It is not easy to prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt.

That is particularly true for white collar crimes that require prosecutors to prove a defendant's intent. Because we can't see inside a person's mind, prosecutors use a defendant's words and actions. In the absence of a smoking-gun email or recording, they assemble evidence that permits a jury to infer intent.

Despite those challenges, Mueller has been very successful already. He's seen numerous guilty pleas and obtained wide-ranging indictments charging Russian intelligence operatives with two distinct conspiracies: to hack U.S. computers and to interfere with the U.S. political system. He also convicted former Trump campaign chair Paul Manafort of numerous crimes, ranging from fraud to witness tampering. In federal white collar investigations, sweeping indictments like those are rare, unless criminals are brazen or careless.

Once prosecutors obtain a conviction on a narrow charge, for sentencing, they are required to inform the judge of all of the relevant "history and characteristics" of the defendant as well as the "nature and circumstances" of the offense. Those factors are very broad—federal judges take into account nearly everything about a defendant and his or her conduct. While there are good reasons for this, one consequence is that in the federal criminal-justice system, prosecutors have an incentive to charge crimes that are easier to prove—like lying to Congress or the FBI. Rather than aiming high and getting nothing, they aim for a somewhat lower charge, and because the judge will take the larger concerns into account, the prosecutor is more likely to obtain the longer end of the lower sentencing range. We've seen Mueller bring narrow charges against multiple defendants.

THE WISDOM of Mueller's careful, targeted approach is underscored by the extraordinary efforts to obstruct his investigation. Manafort shared confidential information about the inquiry with Trump's lawyers after Manafort agreed to fully cooperate with Mueller—a tactic that is very unusual and highly unethical. And before former Trump lawyer Michael Cohen gave false testimony to Congress, he discussed what he'd say with Trump's attorneys and White House staff.

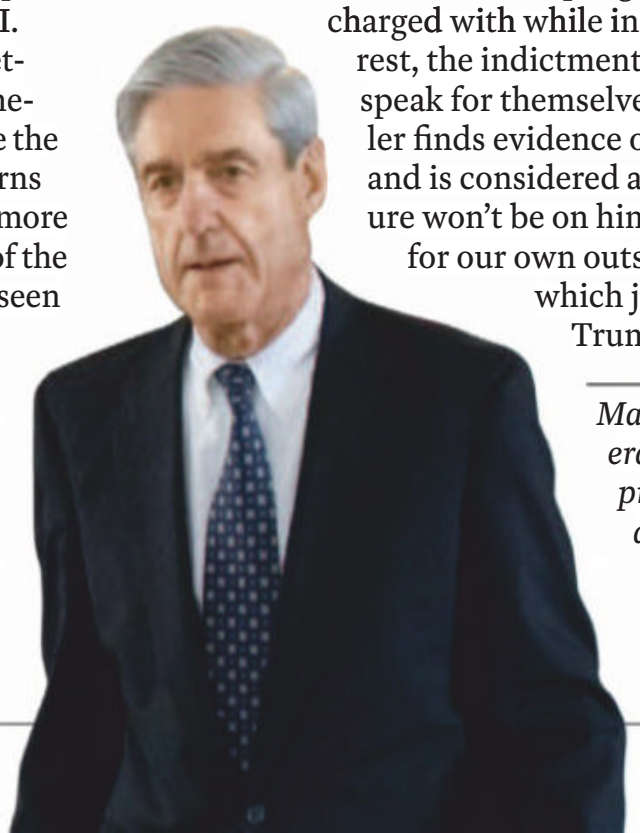
In the face of this alleged obstruction, and repeated efforts by the President to undermine Mueller's investigation, Trump's allies continue to ask, Where's the collusion? This is due in part to Trump's disinformation campaign, but also to media narratives that border on the fantastical. Frankly, the term *collusion* has no legal meaning in this context, and it is hard to imagine any federal prosecutor would ever charge the extensive conspiracy imagined by Trump's critics.

Ironically, these unrealistic expectations may help Trump survive this existential challenge to his presidency. At any other time in American history, the President's lawyer telling a federal judge under oath that the President directed him to commit a crime might end that presidency. Yet that detail has been forgotten amid the daily avalanche of Trump-related news.

More important, Trump's obstruction of justice has become commonplace, even expected. For instance, in September, when Trump publicly condemned then Attorney General Jeff Sessions for failing to quash criminal investigations of two political allies because it could affect the GOP in the midterms, it barely raised eyebrows when it should have drawn bipartisan condemnation.

With all of this in mind, we must understand: even if Mueller sets forth crimes involving Trump in a report, he would do so for those that Trump arguably cannot be charged with while in office. As for the rest, the indictments and court filings speak for themselves. Again, if Mueller finds evidence of narrower crimes and is considered a failure, the failure won't be on him. It will be on us, for our own outsize expectations, which just might save Trump's presidency.

Mariotti, a former federal prosecutor, is a practicing lawyer and the host of the On Topic *podcast*



Special counsel Robert Mueller

SHORT READS

Highlights from stories on **time.com/ideas**

Why people avoid society

After members of an uncontacted tribe killed a missionary, Jonathan Mazower of Survival International explains their perspective: "They choose to have no interaction with mainstream society, often **because of the catastrophic violence and disease such contact has brought ...** [It is] their right."

Abiding U.S. immigration law

"Trump finally has his wall," writes Jorge Ramos, arguing that the Administration's closing of the Mexican border—and use of the military—has **stopped migrants who are seeking asylum legally.** Ramos says that this may force people intending to follow American law to act illegally in order to find safety.

What to do if a child fails

According to parenting researcher Dr. Alan Kazdin, there are better ways to respond, when a child experiences a failure, than tough love. One is to **model what persistence looks like.** Kazdin writes, "We know that children—even infants—are sensitive to how their guardians behave."

THE RISK REPORT

Trump's haggling over trade won't dent China's long-term plans

By Ian Bremmer

IT'S STILL NOT CLEAR what exactly Presidents Donald Trump and Xi Jinping agreed to in Buenos Aires during the G-20 summit in early December. Although Trump said the two had made a "big leap forward" in resolving the trade dispute, both the substance and the timing of next actions remain in doubt. The U.S. accounts of the results of the meeting were significantly more specific than the Chinese postmeeting announcements.

If that reminds you of Trump's sit-down with North Korean dictator Kim Jong Un in Singapore earlier this year, it should. Trump approached the much hyped summit with assurances that Korean denuclearization was a problem only he could solve and that success depended on the quality of his relationship with the man across the table. As the meeting ended, Trump hailed it as a historic success. Kim had much less to say. Trump continues to insist the Korea problem has largely been solved, even as U.S. intelligence reportedly produces evidence that North Korea is moving forward with its weapons programs.

Trump has likewise presented himself as the only leader tough enough to force China to play fair on trade. In the days after the G-20 meeting, he offered assurances on Twitter that he and Xi have a "very strong and personal" relationship—while threatening to play "Tariff Man" if future negotiations fail.

Donald Trump is far from the only world leader who says China isn't playing fair on trade and investment. Other governments have complained that China buys much less than it sells, that state subsidies for Chinese companies give them an unfair competitive advantage and that China steals intellectual property. Even policymakers who don't like Trump know he's right about China's drive to protect its privileges while exerting ever more economic and political influence in Asia and beyond.

The risk is that Trump—increasingly embattled at home by midterm-election setbacks and a new Democratic Party majority in the House, plus expectations that special counsel Robert Mueller is preparing to show his work—will look for foreign policy wins that aren't really there.

And even if Trump is successful in forcing some changes in China's behavior and restoring balance to the U.S.-China commercial relationship, there's a more serious long-term problem: the biggest issues that divide the two governments—China's encroaching ambitions—are effectively off the table.

Even if Trump is successful in forcing some changes in China's behavior, the most divisive issues are effectively off the table long-term

Xi has made clear that he will not approve any economic plan that he believes might undermine the Communist Party's power or create instability inside China. So whatever concessions he might offer Trump, he will not loosen the leadership's grip on China's economic development. State-owned companies will still help the government generate economic growth and maintain jobs. The state will continue to use cash and political clout to boost China's private sector.

In addition, China will expand its Belt and Road development strategy of large-scale investment in foreign countries, extending Beijing's economic and political influence abroad as the U.S. long-term commitment to its regional allies wavers. More important, Xi will continue to protect plans that allow China to compete for access to, and development of, the emerging information and communication technologies crucial for both national security and prosperity in the 21st century.

For Xi, these things are nonnegotiable, no matter the skill of the dealmaker seated across the diplomatic dinner table. ◻

MUELLER: SAUL LOEB—AFP/GETTY IMAGES; ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN GEE FOR TIME

EDUCATION

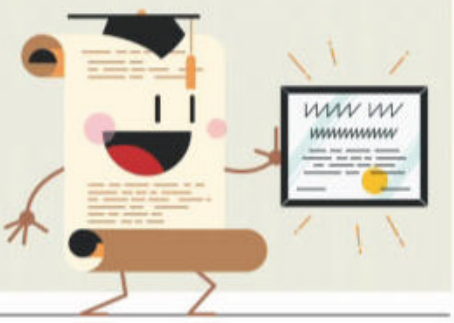
Making history majors modern

A far smaller percentage of U.S. college students are majoring in history now than in the past, the American Historical Association reported Nov. 26. In fact, since 2011, the number of history B.A.s awarded each year has dropped more than that of any other undergraduate degree measured.

Some commentators have said that doubts about earning potential are behind this. But that isn't the whole story. History majors make good livings in a variety of fields. The number of new Ph.D.s has increased steadily for 30 years. And at Yale University, it's the top major for the class of 2019.

When Yale's history department noticed waning interest, it polled its students and found they wanted two specific things from their degree: direction and community. At Villanova University, we now host weekly brown-bag lunches to discuss current events through a historical lens. This generation, sometimes geared toward college- and career-readiness since kindergarten, was not repudiating the discipline, its job prospects or its utility. The history degree was not broken; it simply needed to be tweaked.

—Jason Steinhauer, director of the Lepage Center for History in the Public Interest at Villanova University



How to rebuild a city: cold, hard cash

By Nick McDonell

IT IS FALL IN MOSUL, THE SEASON'S FIRST COOL BREEZES blow off the Tigris, and I am walking around a 12th century castle with my friend Safwan. We have spent the morning scouting on behalf of an NGO dedicated to direct cash assistance. The surrounding blocks are destroyed, but several families are trying to move back anyway, clearing the wrecked Ottoman courtyards, stone by stone. They are excellent candidates for support, but Safwan, a soft-spoken 29-year-old engineer, remains frustrated. "There is no progress with the mass of destruction," he says. "It needs effort from foreign countries and serious work from the government. Until now, we haven't seen that."

Safwan's frustration is common in Mosul. Though the city was liberated from ISIS in 2017, millions of tons of rubble are yet to be cleared; 40% of old Mosul remains disconnected from any water network; electricity is erratic; in certain neighborhoods, corpses and IEDs remain on the roadside. Sixty-five percent of the city's housing stock was damaged or destroyed; in the less damaged quarters, spiking rents drive families into debt, while a lack of jobs leaves young men idle in tea shops. The surviving hospitals and schools cannot support the population of 1.5 million; in the street, children orphaned in the battle beg for change, then curse those who refuse them.

No in-kind donation is as versatile as cash, no research can equal a local's grasp of what her family needs

I wonder what sort of men they will become. In 2009, I walked around this same castle with American soldiers. Before we set off, a lieutenant told me we would be attacked in less than 30 minutes—it happened every time he patrolled there. We checked his watch. Twenty-two minutes later, a grenade bounced up the alley behind us. That day, his patrol caught the attacker—a teenager, who said he did it for $15. In the following years, ISIS rose and fell on the backs of such young men. Today there is no fighting in Mosul, but the city remains devastated psychically, as well as physically. A great deal of work is necessary to repair it.

Why, though, should Americans help with that work? When I speak with people interested in Mosul's reconstruction, I hear surprising political overlaps, encounter strange bedfellows. For some, rebuilding the city is attractive because it decreases the number of Iraqis seeking refuge in Europe, or the U.S. It appeals to others because it moves resources from wealthy, thriving cities to a poor destroyed one, and so is a form of economic redistribution. Some are interested in protecting Mosul's cultural heritage. Still others like the idea because it could balance competing influences in the region; increase stability; forestall, perhaps prevent, the rise of another ISIS-like terrorist group.

A woman stands among buildings damaged by airstrikes in southwest Mosul on April 3, 2017

EMANUELE SATOLLI FOR TIME

There is truth in each of these reasons. But, finally, the arguments all pale in comparison to the decent people, living and dead, caught between the horrors of ISIS and the "annihilation tactics,"—as Defense Secretary James Mattis called them—of the Coalition liberators. Tens of thousands of Moslawi civilians were killed. They make the point with more authority than anyone else can hope to summon. Mosul has joined the ranks of cities destroyed but insisting on rebirth: Raqqa, Aleppo, Hue and further back, Dresden, Hiroshima, Warsaw. The world does not remember our daily arguments, but it will not soon forget these cities, and the innocent people, no different from you or me, who died.

EVENTUALLY IT WILL. Mosul, settled more than 4,000 years ago, has seen many empires fall; we are not a new species of historians. But within the view of our limited horizon, it remains for us to honor the dead of those cities. To remain stubbornly dedicated to decency in the face of violence, just as many Moslawis were, against overwhelming odds. To take up, in daily opinion, the commonsense notion

that if we destroy a place, whatever the reason, we should help to rebuild it. To insist that attention to foreign casualties in an unpopular war is not hopeless or naive, but of a piece with the finest traditions of human thought. To be aware that or to know that, were the situation reversed, the people of Iraq would devote some of their own attention to us, and our cities—none of which, by virtue of unpredictable fortune, have ever been comparably razed to earth.

But how to proceed? The task is daunting. Fortunately, some inspiring work is being done. Most impressive to me are the programs dedicated to direct, unrestricted cash assistance in Mosul. The selection process is rigorous, but the idea is easy: give people money, no conditions attached. A destroyed city presents a shifting constellation of problems for every resident; agility is key. No in-kind donation is as versatile as cash, no research can equal a local's grasp of what her family needs under these circumstances. If there is a lesson to be learned from the last 15 years of war, it is that opinion of Iraqis at the most local level determines the future of their country, as much or more than any foreign power, or central government. And according to the Cash Consortium of Iraq, which coordinates such programs, executed by Mercy Corps, the Norwegian Refugee Council, the Danish Refugee Council, the International Rescue Committee and Oxfam, 99.5% of beneficiaries in Mosul prefer unrestricted cash assistance to other forms of aid.

Cash aid has been extensively studied, and is gaining traction. A recent study funded by USAID and Google.org and executed by GiveDirectly—the organization I am helping to explore projects in Iraq—found cash more effective for nutrition than a traditional nutrition program in Rwanda. It is becoming the benchmark against which programs are measured, across metrics, increasing accountability for the whole sector. The potential for unintended negative effects must continue to be studied—but so far, they haven't been consequential. And the value of cash to individual Moslawis, right now, is particularly significant. Early dollars get people on their feet. Three thousand dollars in Mosul, these days, allows a neighborhood grocer to fix up his bombed out shop and buy a month's stock; or a family of seven to clear, roof, plumb and wire their rubble-filled house.

To put those $3,000 in context: the first year I walked around that castle, the U.S. allocated $144 billion—of the $1.6 trillion it would spend—to its ill-defined missions in Afghanistan and Iraq. Today, damage estimates for housing in Mosul are a fraction of that—$5.1 billion to $6.9 billion—but so far in 2018, the Trump Administration has put only $7.7 million, via the U.N., toward shelter construction in the city. This speaks to its general foreign policy. The Administration's 2019 budget eliminates much foreign aid, reduces State Department spending by a third—and increases the Pentagon's budget by $47 billion.

THE DOMINANCE of the U.S. military, however, isn't in doubt, and wise engagement requires neither military involvement nor nation building. Instead, we need to put ourselves in the shoes of Moslawis—to take seriously what, overwhelmingly, they say they want: a little money, and then for us to get out of the way. Cash is not a cure-all, but it is among the best examples of how to engage with Iraq, and foreign aid generally—modestly, with careful evaluation, according to local will. We need to have the sense and humility to trust them to know what's best for Mosul.

For Americans, contributing to the city's reconstruction can be part of the ongoing, difficult task of reconciling our highest ideals with our behavior on the world stage. This was partly the spirit of the Marshall Plan with which we infused post–WW II Europe with money, after we bombed its cities, fighting a different tyranny. As Dwight Eisenhower argued in 1953: "We pay for a single fighter with a half-million bushels of wheat. We pay for a single destroyer with new homes that could have housed more than 8,000 people … This is not a way of life at all, in any true sense."

Rebuilding cities was no less daunting in Eisenhower's time. It required brave, even idealistic, thinking. Such thinking is today supported by rigorously collected evidence, and the lessons of wars, dearly bought.

McDonell's latest book, The Bodies in Person: An Account of Civilian Casualties in American Wars, *was published in September*

George Herbert Walker Bush

1924–2018

The 41st President and father of the 43rd left a lasting legacy of service

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID HUME KENNERLY

President Bush reflects during a 2011 interview at the Bush Presidential Library in College Station, Texas

OUR BETTER ANGELS

George H.W. Bush believed in the essential goodness of the American people

By Jon Meacham

HE WANTED TO GO AS SOON AS HE HEARD.

On the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941, George Herbert Walker Bush—known as "Poppy" to family and friends—was walking on the campus of Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass., when word came of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. He was 17½ years old. He longed to defend his country—right then, right away, no waiting around. Told he would have to turn 18 before he could enlist in the U.S. armed forces, a determined Bush explored the option of going to Canada to join the Royal Air Force. He was that ready to risk everything for a cause larger than himself.

And so there it all was, even in the beginning: a boundless energy and a hunger to serve; a thirst for adventure and a love of country. Six months later, on Friday, June 12, 1942, he marked his 18th birthday, he graduated from Andover, and he drove to Boston to be sworn in as a naval enlistee. From that day until his death more than 75 years later, on Nov. 30, 2018, George H.W. Bush served his country in sundry capacities—including a notable term as President of the United States in an era of what he called "a fascinating time of change in the world itself."

George H.W. Bush was a President largely in the tradition of the soldier-statesman Dwight D. Eisenhower, who said that his goal was to take America "down the middle of the road between the unfettered power of concentrated wealth … and the unbridled power of statism or partisan interests."

Moderate in temperament, Eisenhower and Bush were both more traditionally conservative than many of their contemporaries understood, in the sense that they sought above all to conserve what was good about the world as they found it. For them conservatism entailed prudence and pragmatism; they eschewed the sudden and the visionary.

History tends to prefer its heroes on horseback, at least figuratively: Presidents who dream big and act boldly, bending the present and the future to their wills. There is, however, another kind of hero—quieter, yes, and less glamorous—whose virtues repay our attention. *Hero* itself comes from the Greek word meaning to defend and to protect, and there is greatness in political lives dedicated more to steadiness than to boldness, more to reform than to revolution, more to the management of complexity than to the making of mass movements. So it was for Eisenhower, and so it was with Bush. Eisenhower's favorite motto, inscribed on a paperweight he kept on his desk in the Oval Office, was "Gently in manner—strongly in deed." Bush's life code, as he once put it in a letter to his mother, was "Tell the truth. Don't blame people. Be strong. Do your best. Try hard. Forgive. Stay the course. All that kind of thing." Simple propositions—deceptively simple, for such sentiments are more easily expressed than embodied in the arena of public life.

Bush was a steward, not a seer, and made no apologies for his preference for action—steady, prudent and thoughtful—over ideology

BUSH BELIEVED in the essential goodness of the American people and in the nobility of the American experiment. His understanding of the nation and of the world seems antiquated now; it seemed so in real time, too, at least in the last year or so of his presidency. But there was nothing affected about Bush's vision of politics as a means to public service, of public service as the highest of callings. This vision—of himself engaged in what Oliver Wendell Holmes called the passion and action of the times—was as real and natural to him as the air he breathed. It was his whole world, and had been since his earliest days when he would watch his father come home from a day on Wall Street only to head back out to run the Greenwich Town Meeting. It was as simple—and as complicated—as that.

A formidable physical presence—6 ft. 2 in., handsome, dominant in person—he spoke with his strong, big hands, making fists to underscore a point, waving dismissively to deflect unwelcome subjects or to suggest that someone was, as he would put it, "way out there," beyond the mainstream, beyond reason, beyond Bush. Television conveyed his lankiness, but not his athleticism, his grace and his sturdiness. Bush was a master of what Franklin Roosevelt once called "the science of human relationships," and his capacity to charm—with a handwritten note, a phone call, a quick email, a wink, a thumbs-up—was crucial to his success in public life and was an essential element of his soul.

A child of one generation's ruling class, the head of another's and the father of yet a third, Bush led an epic life that ranged from the Gilded Age of railroad barons to the birth of Big Oil, from Skull and Bones to the tennis courts of the Houston Country Club, from Greenwich and Midland to Washington and New York to Baghdad and Beijing.

PREVIOUS PAGES: GETTY IMAGES; THESE PAGES: CORBIS/GETTY IMAGES

Bush celebrates with his wife Barbara, and supporters, in Houston on the night of his 1966 election to Congress

He embodied two competing forces in American life after World War II: the global responsibilities of a vital atomic power in foreign affairs and the rise of the cultural right wing in domestic politics—forces that fundamentally shaped the second half of the 20th century and the first decades of the 21st.

"HOW GREAT IS THIS COUNTRY," Jeb Bush once said, "that it could elect a man as fine as our dad to be its President?" The remark came in private, without agenda; it so struck Laura Bush that she included the moment in the White House memoir she wrote after she and George W. left Washington in 2009. As the years passed, Jeb's sentiment became relatively common. The 41st President represented the twilight of a tradition of public service in America—a tradition embodied by FDR, by Eisenhower, and by George H.W. Bush. "My father was the last President of a great generation," George W. Bush said in accepting the Republican presidential nomination in 2000, eight years after his father's defeat. "A generation of Americans who stormed beaches, liberated concentration camps and delivered us from evil. Some never came home. Those who did put their medals in drawers, went to work and built on a heroic scale … highways and universities, suburbs and factories, great cities and grand alliances—the strong foundations of an American Century."

It was Bush who quietly but unmistakably laid the foundations for the 21st. He brought the Cold War to a peaceful conclusion, successfully managing the fall of the Berlin Wall, the reunification of Germany and the end of the Soviet Union without provoking violence from Communist bitter-enders. In the first Gulf War, Bush established that, on his watch, America would not retreat from the world but would intervene, decisively, when the global balance of power was in jeopardy.

On the home front, his 1990 budget agreement controlled spending and created the conditions for the elimination of the federal budget deficit under Bill Clinton. He negotiated the North American Free Trade Agreement; signed the Americans with Disabilities Act; and passed historic clean-air legislation.

His life was spent in the service of his nation, and his spirit of conciliation, common sense and love of country will stand him in strong stead through the ebbs and flows of posterity's judgment. On that score—that George H.W. Bush was a uniquely good man in a political universe where good men were hard to come by—there was bipartisan consensus a quarter-century after his White House years.

He was a decent man who did what it took to win, a gentlemanly sportsman who was a relentless competitor, a statesman who believed that campaigning was one thing, governing quite another. Bush was a steward, not a seer, and made

no apologies for his preference for action—steady, prudent and thoughtful—over ideology.

Born in the aftermath of the Great War, he fought and nearly died in World War II and spent much of his life living with the reality of the Cold War with the Soviet Union. Unflinching creeds and consuming worldviews could lead to trouble, for devotees of doctrine tended to fall in love with their own sense of certitude and of righteousness, ignoring inconvenient facts. And he believed that if a President were self-absorbed, too focused on his

own fortunes, then he would not be the best protector of the fates of others. The best Presidents, he believed, put the national interest ahead of self-interest—no matter what the price.

THE FARTHER the country moved from his presidency, the larger Bush loomed, and the qualities so many voters found to be vices in 1992—his public reticence; his old-fashioned dignity; his tendency to find a middle course between extremes—came to be seen as virtues. He lived long enough to see the shift, and he appreciated that people were taking a more benign view of his record. Amid a conference at his presidential library in his 90th year, a visitor asked him what he made of all the encomiums and positive revision of his legacy. "Hard to believe," Bush remarked. "It's 'kinder and gentler' all over the place."

Now he is mourned not because he was perfect, but because he sought to serve the nation in whose defense he first enlisted so long ago at Andover, when he began his long walk into history.

From left: Bush children George W., Neil, Doro and Jeb watch their father chat with his grandkids before a 1992 family portrait

DIANA WALKER FOR TIME

THE WAR WE ENDED—AND A PEACE IN JEOPARDY

By Mikhail Gorbachev

ON THE DAY WHEN I LEARNED OF THE passing of George Bush, I recalled my meetings with him that marked turning points in our personal relationship and in the relations between our countries.

Our first serious conversation took place in December 1987, when I was on an official visit in Washington. George was then Vice President and running for President.

The visit culminated in the signing of the Intermediate-Range Nuclear Forces Treaty; after, I would depart from an Air Force base. According to the protocol, or perhaps according to his own wish, the Vice President was to accompany me there. George suggested that he go in my car, which was unusual—certainly not according to protocol.

Later, on many occasions, we recalled that "conversation in the car." It went far beyond the usual exchange of pleasantries. We agreed that relations between our countries were reaching a new level and that new opportunities were opening up, which must be used to the maximum extent possible. The Vice President assured me that, should he be elected, he would continue what we had started with President Reagan. And importantly, we said that, in relations with third countries, we would not undermine each other's interests.

However, after Bush was elected President, there were reports in the U.S. media that the new Administration would not be ready to get down to serious work with us right from the start, that it was taking a pause for reflection. Why would the Administration wait? We were receiving all kinds of signals, but it was clear that the hard-liners were increasingly active.

Our relations suffered a loss of momentum. We knew that some members of the Administration were pushing Bush to continue to play the waiting game. So the message that came in September 1989 was important: the President was ready to meet at a halfway point, even before the exchange of official visits.

What happened during the Malta summit that December can be described without exaggeration as a historic breakthrough. Against the backdrop of turbulent changes in Central and Eastern Europe and the accelerating process of German unification, including the demolition of the Berlin Wall, Bush said, "I would tread cautiously." He added, "I will not be jumping on the wall, because there is too much at stake."

When the two delegations met, Bush outlined a program of cooperation between our countries in various areas, including disarmament, which was generally constructive. I responded by stating: "The new U.S. President must know that the Soviet Union will not under any circumstances initiate a war … Moreover, the USSR is prepared to no longer consider the U.S. as an enemy and announce this openly." This was not an off-the-cuff remark, but instead a position approved by the Soviet leadership. Our conversation with the U.S. President continued in that spirit.

The Malta summit drew a final line under the Cold War. This became clear when the events in Central and Eastern Europe and the process of German unification acquired an even greater speed. Working together, we succeeded in keeping them on a peaceful track.

A FEW MONTHS LATER came another test: Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait, and his regime's attempt to annex that country. This crisis proved that the Cold War was a thing of the past. The Soviet Union and the U.S. took a principled stand. The aggression was reversed, but there was no U.S. occupation of Iraq, no "regime change."

All of this was taking place even as events in my country, as it transitioned to democracy and market economics, took a dramatic turn. My step-by-step approach to reform was being attacked from various sides—not just by those who wanted to stop the democratic process and turn back the clock but also by separatists seeking to dismember the country who were supported by hotheads in Russia.

In these circumstances, it was very important for me to get a clear idea of the intentions of the U.S. I put the question bluntly when I met with the President in London in July 1991, during the G-7 meeting, to which the President of the USSR was invited for the first time.

"I believe," Bush replied, "that your success is in line with the profound interests of the United States. It is in our interest to see you work out the problems of relations with the republics. The demise of the Soviet Union would not be in our interests." Though at the G-7 meeting our Western partners failed to take concrete steps to support the transformations in the Soviet Union, I took the remarks of George Bush seriously.

During his visit to the Soviet Union a little more than two weeks later, we had

DIANA WALKER—TIME LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES

Gorbachev, left, shakes Bush's hand after signing an agreement on June 1, 1990

a serious and far-reaching discussion. We not only signed the Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty but held an unprecedented discussion of a future international security system, to be created by common efforts.

That prospect, however, was scuttled by the attempted coup d'état in the USSR in August 1991. The coup, organized by reactionary forces, failed, but it weakened my position as the USSR President. We were not able to preserve the Union.

I VIVIDLY REMEMBER our talk on the phone on Dec. 25, a few hours before I announced that I was stepping down from the presidency of the Soviet Union. We reviewed the results of our cooperation. Our main accomplishment was our agreement to destroy thousands of nuclear weapons, both strategic and tactical. Together, we helped to end conflicts in various parts of the world. We laid the groundwork for a partnership between our countries.

Those historic results are now in jeopardy. The world is on the brink of a new confrontation and a new arms race.

George and I, having left government, often discussed the alarming trends that threaten world peace. We sometimes differed in our assessment of the events but we agreed on one thing: the end of the Cold War was not a victory of one side over another. It was the result of joint efforts. Today, only joint efforts can avert a new confrontation and the threat of a devastating war, thus restoring the prospect of a new world order—more secure, more just and more humane.

—Translated by Pavel Palazhchenko

Gorbachev, a Nobel Peace Prize laureate, was the only President of the Soviet Union

WHAT THE 41ST PRESIDENT TAUGHT US

By Richard Haass

As we mourn, we would be remiss if we did not take a few moments to learn from George H.W. Bush's four years in the Oval Office and the other 90 years of his remarkable life.

For one, we should see that people matter. No two people given the same situation would choose to do the same things. Little about history is inevitable.

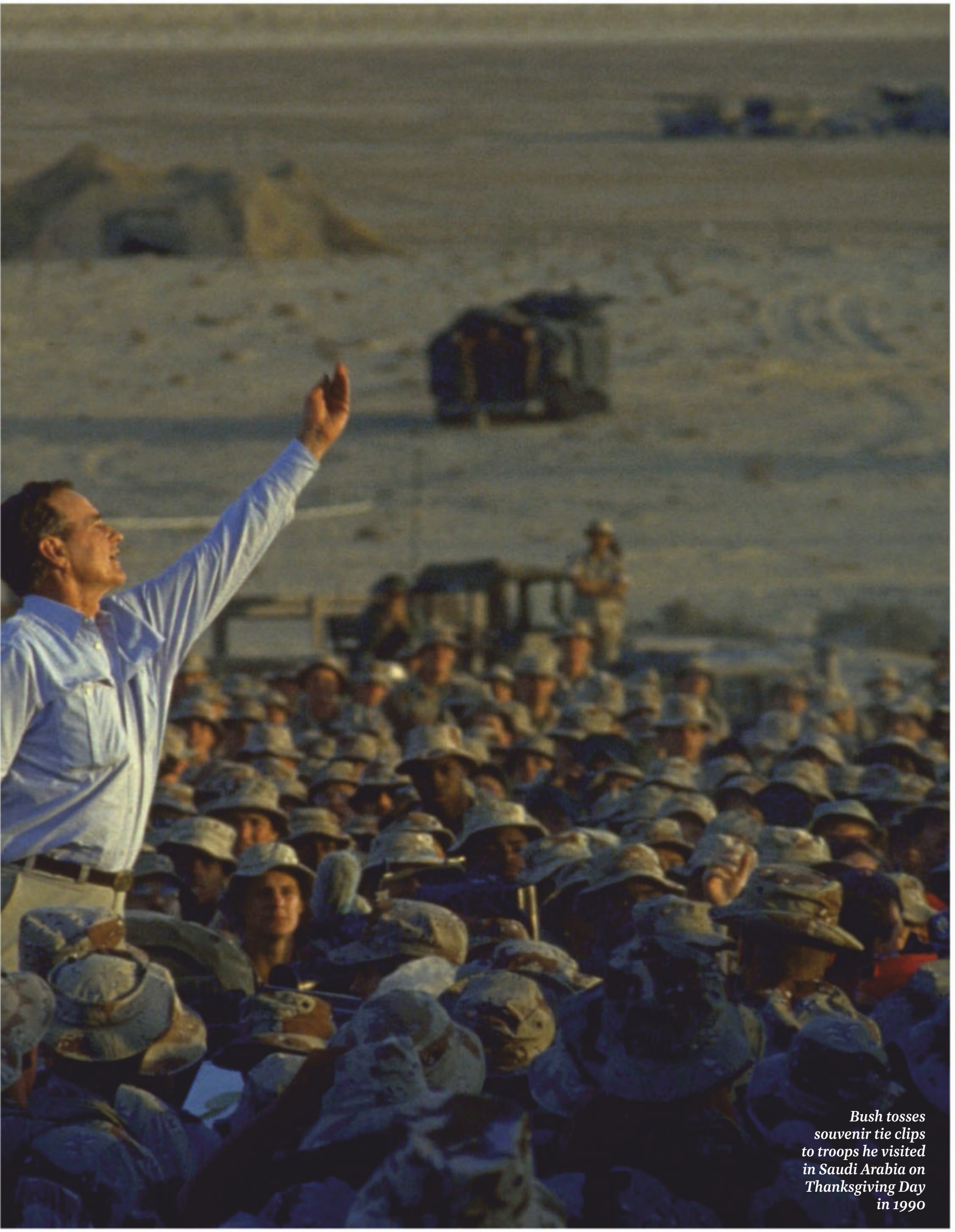
When Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait, some said it was unfortunate but tolerable. Others argued it was intolerable but not worth fighting over. Bush disagreed. He felt that not just Kuwait's future but the character of the post–Cold War world was at stake; if Hussein's action stood, it would soon be followed by aggression elsewhere. It is difficult to imagine the world would be in better shape if tyranny had been allowed to prevail.

Implicit in this story is that the U.S. cannot turn its back on the world. Bush understood that isolationism is folly, that the U.S. cannot insulate itself from the consequences of a world that comes apart. At the same time, while there is no substitute for U.S. leadership, the U.S. also cannot go it alone. The need for partners is truer today, given the many global challenges.

There are as well personal lessons. One is the importance of small gestures, of handwritten notes in this time of emails and tweets. Bush also exemplified how there is nothing you cannot accomplish if you don't care who gets the credit.

Bush understood that his presidency was temporary, that public service was a noble calling, that politics can unite. But that requires a willingness to compromise, to see those on the other side as opponents—not enemies—and to put shared love of country before all else.

Haass, the president of the Council on Foreign Relations, was Special Assistant to President Bush



Bush tosses souvenir tie clips to troops he visited in Saudi Arabia on Thanksgiving Day in 1990

DIANA WALKER—TIME LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES

A STEADY LEADER

George H.W. Bush accomplished more as President than he gets credit for

By Michael Duffy

VIRTUALLY FROM THE MOMENT HE DEFEATED Michael Dukakis in the election of 1988, George Herbert Walker Bush made it clear that he was going to be a very different sort of Commander in Chief than Ronald Reagan. He told the Secret Service to turn off its sirens and ordered his motorcade to come to a halt at stoplights. He let it slip that he (sometimes) showered with his dog. He took pictures of his aides when they fell asleep during meetings. He went jogging in the mornings, repaired to a newly built horseshoe pit for a little "prudent R and R" in the afternoons, and liked to zip out to suburban Virginia for Chinese food, sweeping up family, aides and occasionally even perfect strangers in the adventure.

He wrote thank-you notes by the dozen, as if he were winning over the country one correspondence card at a time. Just before Christmas one year, he went bonefishing in the Florida Keys. But he stayed in Washington for the holiday itself so that his bodyguards could spend the day with their families. He treated traveling press photographers to regular weenie roasts. He dragged Cabinet members up to Camp David for the weekend, whether they wanted to go or not. Asked what surprised him most about the spacious White House residence, Bush, who loved to throw spontaneous dinners, replied, "I can have 40 people up there."

He could be wry. When TIME asked the new President to explain his decisionmaking process, he ordered an aide to take a Polaroid of him hovering over a crystal ball. The framed picture later arrived in the mail with a note: "The President wanted you to know how he really makes decisions."

All of these stories were typical of Bush, but they also had the virtue of cementing one overriding sensation as he prepared to be sworn in—that the turbulent Reagan years were over. Bush hoped, almost by sheer force of will (and impeccable manners), to

Bush on the 1980 campaign trail. He won the Iowa caucuses but failed to capture the GOP nomination

DIRCK HALSTEAD—LIAISON/GETTY IMAGES

usher in a more moderate, more reasonable era of American politics. *Normal* was a word that was used a lot around the Bush White House that first year. He had promised in the campaign to work hard, keep the boat in the channel and get stuff done. He carried that theme into the most memorable line of his brief 20-minute Inaugural Address: "The American public did not send us here to bicker."

Bush knew he would need the cooperation of a Democratic Congress to get anything done. But the 41st President, among the best-prepared men to be Commander in Chief in the 20th century, could not have foreseen that his biggest problems would come not from political rivals but from members of his own party. The GOP was approaching the end of a 30-year run, its core ideas and cherished causes largely achieved or overtaken by events. Straddling the end of one era and the start of another, Bush would struggle to keep his balance. His actions weren't always elegant, but he would accomplish much more than he was given credit for.

BY TODAY'S STANDARDS, Bush's domestic agenda was ambitious: a quiet remaking of one sector of the financial industry; a new civil-rights law; a bipartisan overhaul of clean-air rules; new investments in technology; and a dramatic rewrite of spending and taxing laws that would help to lay the groundwork for an economic boom. But at the time, it seemed ordinary and pragmatic. A lack of appreciation for its scope stemmed in part from Bush's occasional penchant for secrecy and his peculiar political position. The Bush agenda bumped up against a Grand Old Party that was not quite as cohesive as it seemed.

Bush was a social moderate, an internationalist and, despite his years in Texas, an Easterner by nature. But as President, he led a party that since the mid-1970s had tilted ever more conservative, more Western, more Southern and less tolerant of social progress. That party loved Reagan, it had written Richard Nixon out of its history books, and it was suspicious of a man whose father, a Senator from Greenwich, Conn., had been a Planned Parenthood supporter. So Bush had campaigned with country-and-western singers in tow, bragged about liking beef jerky and promised repeatedly never to raise taxes. From the moment he took office, Bush walked a tightrope: doing deals with the Democrats who controlled both chambers and hoping the right wing of his party would not object. For nearly two years, his balance was perfect; then the tightrope began to quiver.

Bush moved in his first year to put a wrecked savings-and-loan industry back together, selling off failed thrifts and merging and recapitalizing the salvageable ones. The bailout cost taxpayers $123.8 billion, and Bush's aides slipped the measure through the House and Senate. Easing the way was the fact that nearly every member of Congress had seen thrifts fail in his or her district. Still, it would be a test run for a global bank failure 20 years later—and the fact that a Republican President pushed the bailout through without so much as a peep from free marketers in his own party reflects how much Republican politics would change over the next generation. Instead, the main complaints came from Democrats, who felt Bush was rescuing local country-club bankers who had taken their eye off the ball.

Bush found easy congressional approval for his next initiative, the Americans with Disabilities Act, a landmark piece of civil-rights legislation he signed in July 1990 that gave people with handicaps access

He wrote thank-you notes by the dozen, as if he were winning over the country one card at a time

DAVID HUME KENNERLY—GETTY IMAGES

President Bush, flanked by his team, discusses the Persian Gulf War in the Rose Garden in February 1991

to facilities and opportunities that other Americans took for granted. Curbs, doors, stairs, signage and employment laws were changed over the next 20 years in response to the bipartisan measure.

Bush worked tirelessly in his first year on two other fronts. First, he won an agreement from the nation's governors to back a minimal set of academic standards by which all schools would be measured, a project he executed in trademark fashion: in person, pressing individual governors for help. His biggest partner was, ironically, the Democratic governor of Arkansas, Bill Clinton, who would within a few years launch a campaign to unseat the 41st President. And Bush spent hundreds of hours in meetings on Clean Air Act amendments, updating a 1970s-era law in harness with Democrats and environmentalists. Bush and his counterpart, Maine Senator George Mitchell, negotiated for months until both could agree to a set of rules that raised smog- and acid-rain-causing emissions standards but that also gave utilities and other manufacturers new flexibility in reducing emissions. The final version was passed by Congress in October 1990.

But Bush's biggest domestic-policy decision came in June of that year, when he announced the U.S. needed to embrace a broad package of spending cuts and "tax revenue increases" to help bring down the deficit, then running at a relatively modest

Bush and his dog Ranger say farewell to the Oval Office on Inauguration Day, January 1993

DAVID VALDEZ—WHITE HOUSE/THE LIFE PICTURE COLLECTION/GETTY IMAGES

$400 billion a year. The nation's books were out of whack, and Bush knew only a mix of taxes and spending cuts could put the problem right and attract the votes necessary for congressional approval. It was the price of divided government. But that didn't make the politics any easier, and it didn't help that the concession was announced in a one-page statement quietly pinned to the bulletin board in the White House press room.

The move was a double delight to Democrats: not only had Bush executed a costly U-turn just a few months before the midterm elections, he had okayed a deal that would raise taxes on upper-income Americans. And it split the GOP in two. Led by Republican whip Newt Gingrich, younger, more conservative House members revolted, saying Bush no longer represented their views. Older, more moderate Republicans (many of whom had served in the House with Bush in the 1960s) stood by their man. By autumn, the President had a rebellion on his hands.

When the budget battles ended, Bush had gutted out a remarkable achievement that would cut the deficit by nearly $500 billion over five years. The deal put the nation on a firmer fiscal path and created new rules that limited spending and were later given credit for ushering in the economic boom of the next decade. But the damage he suffered was just as lasting. Conservatives never trusted him again, and the stage was set for a challenge to his 1992 nomination. Bush had done the right thing, but he would pay a steep price for doing it.

BUSH ACKNOWLEDGED early in his presidency that he vastly preferred foreign policy to domestic affairs. It was his specialty: he had cut his teeth in the 1970s as U.N. ambassador, envoy to China and CIA director and amassed a global Rolodex of kings, princes, emirs and premiers. More than that, it was overseas, he felt, that a Commander in Chief could really make a difference. Indeed, Bush would bring his feel for personal diplomacy to bear in ways that earned him plaudits, as well as criticism for occasional coziness.

He laid down markers from the start, traveling to Japan in his second month in office to attend Emperor Hirohito's funeral, a thinly disguised

trip that afforded him a stop in China to meet his counterparts there. (Bush maintained close ties with Beijing, amid much criticism, several months later when Tiananmen Square exploded and Chinese officials cracked down harshly on a budding democracy movement.) At the same time, Bush spent five months studying Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev's intentions before springing a dramatic proposal on NATO to reduce American forces in Europe by 30,000, roughly 20% of all U.S. combat troops on the continent. The move caught his allies off guard and would typify Bush's instincts in foreign policy: long periods of study, secret planning and then a globe-grabbing surprise.

The troop proposal helped clear the way for the reunification of Germany and eased the fall of the Soviet Union. He boosted economic aid to Russia and other former satellite states to help speed the end of the communist bloc. And he pushed the fast-declining Soviets to make deeper reductions in nuclear arms, hoping to lower tensions as the crumbling communist regime tried to shape a new economic future. Throughout the dramatic events of the fall of 1989 and 1990, Bush was careful not to gloat over the Cold War's triumphant closure. Yes, the West had won a 40-year struggle. But spiking the ball in the end zone, Bush knew, would only slow—or even reverse—the process.

Bush wasted no time in 1989 when he sent nearly 26,000 American troops to Panama to remove General Manuel Noriega from power. The pretense was a murder: Noriega's thugs had killed a Marine and roughed up a Navy officer and his wife. The real reason was that Noriega was turning into an accomplished drug runner, transforming the country into a criminal enterprise. "He's a thug, crook, witch craft drug dealer, everything evil," Bush wrote in his diary, "and his time is up." The liberation of Panama indeed came within hours and days; tracking down Noriega took another week. He finally surrendered and was ultimately sentenced to 40 years in prison. Overall, 23 Americans died in the operation and 324 were wounded. Bush had called the Panama chapter a "major gamble." In fact, that invasion, fast and ruthless and relatively surgical, would soon be seen as a prologue to a much bigger show.

When Saddam Hussein's army, the fourth largest in the world at the time, invaded the tiny, oil-rich emirate of Kuwait on Aug. 2, 1990, it was widely assumed in most foreign capitals that nothing could be done about it. Bush took a different view. "This will not stand," he announced on the White House South Lawn, surprising even some of his own advisers.

What unfolded was little short of a presidential tour de force. Bush organized a coalition of 37 nations to oppose Saddam, got other nations to pay for the expeditionary force, and within six months pushed the Iraqis back over the border. Bush had chosen his sidemen well: longtime friend James Baker was his Secretary of State, and Brent Scowcroft, whom Bush had known since the early 1970s, was his National Security Adviser. They constituted one of the shrewdest foreign policy troikas in history, organizing NATO and Western armies and even looping Muslim countries like Saudi Arabia into the coalition.

After Saddam Hussein's army invaded Kuwait, Bush put on one of the finest displays of raw presidential power in a generation

Still, Bush had to overcome doubts at home: from Democrats, from clergy and faith leaders, even from his own military. When top officers informed him that it might take 400,000 soldiers to liberate Kuwait, Bush's calm reply was "Fine, send 'em." Over they went, camping for weeks on Kuwait's southern border, waiting as diplomatic negotiations began, stalled and then failed. The international bombing campaign against Iraq began in January 1991 and lasted for 40 days before the multinational ground force liberated the country in 100 hours. And there Bush stopped, declining the chance to go all the way to Baghdad and toss Saddam from power. That action, he and Scowcroft believed, would only bring instability to the region.

By the time it was finished, 148 Americans had died in the battle; estimates of Iraqi casualties vary widely, but at least 8,000 are believed to have been killed. Bush told friends he had finally put an end to the nation's Vietnam syndrome. He had put on one of the finest displays of raw presidential power in a generation, and the nation rewarded him with record-breaking approval ratings.

BUT THE AFTERMATH of what came to be known as the Gulf War was a case of almost textbook complacency. Bush's poll numbers, which hit 89% in March 1991, were thought by White House officials to be signs of a secure future. One by one, Democrats who might have challenged him for the presidency in 1992 dropped out of contention. First son George W. Bush summed up the mood on the flight home from Kennebunkport in 1991 when he mused that no Democrat could take his father down in the coming election.

In fact, there was nowhere to go but down. The U.S. economy slipped into a modest eight-month recession; unemployment rose to 7.8% by June 1992. Bush and his team were out of ideas, even by his aides' admission, and their efforts to cobble together a quick fix appeared half-hearted. By instinct Bush wasn't inclined to offer something big and bold, nor was it clear that a brief recession required it. His chief antagonist, Arkansas' Clinton, was a young and handsome moderate with a Southern populist's touch. Still overconfident, Bush and his advisers could hardly bring themselves to take a philandering Vietnam draft dodger seriously. As Bush's greatest generation passed into history, baby-boom voters would take a more forgiving view. □

WATCHING OLD RIVALS BECOME CLOSE FRIENDS

By Diana Walker

THE STORY BEHIND THIS PHOTO IS VERY unusual. In 2005, President George W. Bush had asked both his father and Bill Clinton to work together on a fund for Hurricane Katrina relief in New Orleans. Clinton, of course, had beaten Bush back in 1992. They weren't supposed to be friendly.

During that campaign, I had covered President George H.W. Bush. I honestly don't think he had a high regard for Clinton at the time, because it was a tough loss for him. I remember his face during election night in Houston. He really thought he would be re-elected.

I went on to cover Clinton's presidency, and I rarely saw them together over the years, except at formal ceremonies. I saw them at Richard Nixon's funeral and at the White House for the official unveiling of Bush's portrait. But New Orleans was the first time I ever saw them together like this—quietly, away from other people.

They were doing an interview with TIME's Michael Duffy after announcing $90 million in hurricane-relief grants. We were in an empty room in a library at the University of New Orleans. It wasn't an ideal place to take a picture. There was overhead neon light. It was pretty drab.

I thought, *How am I going to show what kind of a relationship these two people have developed?* I just didn't have any idea. I had heard that they had become good friends over the years, and I wanted to see if it was true. I kept watching them, and all of a sudden Bush put his hand on Clinton's shoulder. I thought, *Oh my God, wow. There it is. That's the picture.* Every so often, there will be a gesture, a touch, a movement that shows you something. You're always looking for it as a photographer. And there it was, a lightly teasing, affectionate pat on the shoulder. Friends, indeed. I thought, *They really do like each other. You don't touch someone like that unless you care about them.*

They were telling funny stories. Clinton had gone to visit the Bushes in Kennebunkport, Maine. Mrs. Bush had sort of looked askance at the idea of Clinton's coming. But she ended up so fond of him, she was asking him to come again. They joked about the speedboat. They talked about playing golf. They appreciated each other, and it was just a joy to see.

Walker was TIME's White House photographer from 1984 to 2001; her most recent book is Hillary: The Photographs of Diana Walker

DIANA WALKER FOR TIME

2018

the FUTURE in FLAMES

What we saw when California burned

By JUSTIN WORLAND
With reporting by KATY STEINMETZ/ Paradise, Calif.

UNDER FIRE

A resident flees his home in Thousand Oaks, Calif., on Nov. 9 with only the clothes on his back. Wildfires erupted in Northern and Southern California in early November, forcing an estimated 160,000 to evacuate.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUART PALLEY

TOTAL LOSS

Californians watch as the Woolsey Fire approaches their homes on Nov. 9 in Malibu. That fire destroyed some 1,500 structures, while the Camp Fire razed nearly 19,000 in the north of the state.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUART PALLEY

TY ZOLLNER, A FIREFIGHTER WITH THE CITY OF Alameda, Calif., knew that the call for help would come soon. On the morning of Nov. 8, he, like other firefighters around the state, was listening to reports about a wildfire that had started near the town of Paradise. It sounded bad. Bulldozers were pushing burning cars off the road so people could flee. Requests for additional engines were pouring in. Soon enough, he was tearing up the freeway in a caravan of five engines, one of more than 5,500 firefighters who would descend on Butte County to combat the historic Camp Fire.

A native of Northern California, Zollner has been facing down wildfires for more than a decade. But he's never seen destruction like what happened in Paradise, where flames tore through street after street of homes, indiscriminately turning the landmarks residents once navigated by into unrecognizable ash. "To see something like that is breathtaking," he says.

All told, he stayed there with his team for 18 days, working to contain the flames for about a week and then turning to the grim work of search and recovery, helping to scour plot after plot after plot for human remains. At least 85 people died, and 11 more remained missing as of Dec. 4. Meanwhile, more than 150,000 acres burned to the ground in a matter of days.

The scene of devastation left in the wake of the Camp Fire shocked even people who have spent their careers addressing such disasters; it can be hard to comprehend what photographs from the area are showing. Yes, it's common enough to see one mobile-home park or part of a community destroyed by fire, but an entire town? "This is unprecedented," says Zollner. "The community will never be the same."

THAT THE FUTURE may be divined in fire is an ancient idea. Images of the Camp Fire flames hold their own vision of what is to come, and it doesn't take a pyromancer to read them. After all, however shocking the scene may be, the wave of wildfires that has struck California in recent years was also totally predictable. For decades, scientists have warned that climate change would lead to more frequent and severe extreme weather events. And, while not every extreme weather event can be linked to climate change, slowly but surely those incidents have become a reality, particularly in places like coasts, forests and floodplains, where humans have tested nature's limits.

The link between climate change and wildfires is fairly straightforward. Warmer temperatures transform the fire season into a year-round phenomenon while dry weather kills off vegetation, creating fast-burning tinder. "It's not really rocket science," says University of Washington professor David Peterson, a forest expert. "If it gets warmer and drier, then we're going to burn more area."

And warmer and drier it has been in California. The Golden State, like the rest of the planet, has experienced year after year of record or near record-breaking temperatures this past decade. On top of that, the state suffered a historic drought earlier this decade that lasted more than five years and killed off millions of trees. This combination has contributed to a seemingly endless stretch of terror and loss, with nine of the state's 20 most destructive fires blazing since 2015. Unbreathable air and tales of neighbors fleeing for their lives have become a yearly occurrence.

Scott McLean, a spokesperson for Cal Fire, the state's fire agency, describes the situation with resignation. "There's no new normal. There's no new," he says. "We've been living with this for a couple years now. It's just more of the same."

Firefighters and Californians aren't the only ones growing accustomed to a new climate reality. For decades scientists have foretold that the havoc humans have wrought on the planet would soon catch up to us, and a raft of extreme weather and climate events that occurred in 2018 look eerily similar to just what they warned would happen.

This year was the third in a row with a worse-than-average hurricane season, doing tens of billions of dollars of damage and killing more than

PARADISE LOST

A burned car sits abandoned in Paradise, Calif. (pop. 26,682), in late November. Many residents of the town, which has few roads out, were trapped in gridlock as they attempted to escape when fire struck on Nov. 8. Some left their cars and fled on foot.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIP MONTGOMERY FOR TIME

LAND OF NO RETURN

A neighborhood in Paradise lies in ruins on Nov. 15. The Camp Fire tore through houses, apartment buildings and stores. "There's nowhere to go back to," said one longtime resident who lost her home. "It's exponential."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSH EDELSON—AFP/GETTY IMAGES

100 people. Deadly heat waves popped up across the globe as scientists recorded month after month of near record temperatures. And sea ice in the Arctic, a key indicator of the delicate health of the earth's oceans and atmosphere, reached one of its lowest levels in recorded history.

At the same time, scientists doubled down on their alarms, saying this year's extreme weather is only a taste of what's to come. The Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC), the U.N.'s climate-science body, warned that the planet is dangerously close to warming by 1.5°C, a threshold for even more extreme events. A study in the influential medical journal *Lancet* showed that the phenomenon will result in a range of health effects from heatstroke to the spread of disease. And the National Climate Assessment (NCA), a report from 13 federal agencies, highlighted how climate change will damage communities across the country; fallout will include the spread of wildfires to new regions and sea-level rise along many coasts. "We're on the cusp of this new change," says Peterson, an author of the NCA's forest chapter.

Already, state and local policymakers across the country are having to adapt to a reality that would have been hard to imagine not long ago.

In Northern California, some communities now require homeowners to build their homes with wildfires in mind—think less wood, more concrete—while others are reimagining how they zone new subdivisions altogether. And a year after several enormous 2017 wildfires were traced to contact between dead brush and power lines managed by the utility Pacific Gas & Electric, investors have sent its stock price plummeting over fears of a potential bankruptcy. (The Camp Fire's cause remains under investigation, but many speculate the same catalyst may be to blame.) PG&E now preemptively cuts off power in some areas with high winds rather than risk sparking a fire.

"The climate is changing, and we're seeing it firsthand," says Kurt Henke, a former Sacramento fire chief who now heads AP Triton, a fire-consulting firm. "We have switched from a reactive standpoint to a proactive approach."

Of course, the biggest and most urgent proactive measure would be to cut the greenhouse-gas emissions that are actually causing the problem in the first place. That effort has stalled at the U.S. federal level, but it's happening in communities across the globe from Pittsburgh to Paris. These moves may not be able to stop wildfires, hurricanes or flooding altogether, but they will help limit how bad those problems get. "Every bit of warming matters," said Hoesung Lee, chair of the IPCC, in October.

NONE OF THESE SOLUTIONS—still uncertain and distant—are any consolation to the people on the ground whose lives were transformed overnight by the Camp Fire. The inferno took fathers and mothers, sons and daughters. Some 19,000 homes, business and other structures were destroyed, and a once bucolic town all but razed to the ground.

"Every time you think about how sad you are, you know that there's 30,000 people who are feeling just like you right now," says Patty Garrison, a displaced former Paradise resident. "There's nowhere to go back to. It's exponential."

People on the front lines of these disasters are meanwhile bracing for the future. Zollner, the firefighter, is back home but says he's still processing the Camp Fire. Even so, before he's past the grim visions of this fire, he's also preparing for the next. "I don't think anybody can make the argument that things aren't changing," he says of the fires.

As the planet continues to burn, drown and melt, preparation is the only thing that will protect us. The sooner and better we adapt, the fewer lives will be lost, the fewer people displaced and the fewer cities—and countries—wiped off the map. Without action, make no mistake, the problem will not go away and no place will be left unscathed.

"I don't want to see communities impacted like that. It's terrible to see," says Zollner, reflecting on the raging wildfire that took out Paradise. At the same time, he imagines, "it's just a matter of when." ◻

BREATHING FIRE

Children wave a flag as President Trump visits Chico, Calif., on Nov. 17. Even in places that avoided the direct hit of wildfire, smoke caused the air quality to be ranked among the worst in the world in November.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM BRENNER—THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDUX

DEAL OR NO DEAL

In a historic summit, U.S. President Donald Trump appeared friendly with North Korea's Kim Jong Un, whom he had ridiculed as "Little Rocket Man." But since the June 12 meeting in Singapore, progress on denuclearization talks has stalled.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEVIN LIM—THE STRAITS TIMES/REUTERS

2018

PHOTOS *of the* YEAR

From tragedy to celebration, and from promising beginnings to somber farewells, these images capture a momentous 12 months

To see the complete collection of TIME's 100 Photos of the Year, go to TIME.com/2018-photos

TROUBLED TERRAIN

As the U.S. opened a new embassy in Jerusalem on May 14, violence erupted just miles away at the Gaza border, where Israeli soldiers clashed with Palestinian protesters like this injured man, who was evacuated by horse cart.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EMANUELE SATOLLI FOR TIME

CROWNING GLORY

Kim Prahinog competes in a transgender beauty pageant in the Philippines on April 6. The country, which is heavily Catholic, has earned a reputation for being one of the most LGBTQ-tolerant in Southeast Asia.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANNAH REYES MORALES—THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDUX

ON THEIR OWN

Migrant children file through a tent city in Tornillo, Texas, on June 18. The U.S. houses unaccompanied minors at the detention facility, which came under scrutiny amid controversy over the Trump Administration's family-separation policy, which was later reversed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MIKE BLAKE—REUTERS

RIVER OF DESTRUCTION

A view from above shows the catastrophic force of a fast-moving lava flow from Hawaii's Kilauea volcano, seen here on May 19. The eruption destroyed nearly 700 homes and displaced thousands on the Big Island.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE OMORI—PARADISE HELICOPTERS/EPA-EFE/SHUTTERSTOCK

MODERN LOVE

Meghan Markle and Prince Harry depart Windsor Castle after their wedding on May 19. To many, an American actor—biracial and divorced at that—joining the British royal family signaled a new era for the monarchy.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETE MACLAINE—I-IMAGES/POLARIS

MOVING ON

Hope Hicks, the White House communications director, leaves the Capitol on Feb. 27 after facing more than eight hours of questions from a House committee about Russian election interference. Hicks, a close confidante of President Trump's, announced plans to resign the next day.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEAH MILLIS—REUTERS

SAYING GOODBYE

The world's last male northern white rhinoceros is comforted by a ranger on March 20 in Kenya before his death at age 45. Scientists are debating using IVF or even cloning to avert the subspecies' extinction.

PHOTOGRAPH BY AMI VITALE—NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC CREATIVE

FLYING HIGH

Ukraine's Oleksandr Abramenko, seen here on Feb. 18, won gold in the freestyle men's aerials finals at the 2018 Winter Olympics. His performance in PyeongChang made him the first Ukrainian man ever to win a gold medal in the Winter Games.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUG MILLS—THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDUX

CASUALTY OF WAR

This image of 7-year-old Amal Hussain in October drew global attention to the humanitarian crisis caused by the Saudi-led war in Yemen, where the U.N. says 14 million could be on the edge of starvation. On Nov. 1, Amal's family said she had died in a refugee camp.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TYLER HICKS—THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDUX

MAN IN THE MIDDLE

Jeff Flake, center, listens to fellow GOP Senator Lindsey Graham, right, on Sept. 28, moments after Flake called for a delay in Brett Kavanaugh's Supreme Court confirmation. His change of heart proved brief; eight days later he joined a slim majority to elevate Kavanaugh to the bench.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BUTOW—REDUX FOR TIME

ENDWI

THE OPIOID CRISIS

Deputy sheriff Dorothy Onikute responds to an overdose call on Feb. 4 in Alcalde, N.M. This photo appeared in "The Opioid Diaries," TIME's March 5 special report on the national emergency, which killed nearly 49,000 people in the U.S. last year. Photographer James Nachtwey and TIME's Paul Moakley traveled across the country to interview opioid users, first responders and others directly affected by the addiction epidemic. "The only way to make real sense of it," Nachtwey wrote, "was to see what happens to individual human beings, one by one."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES NACHTWEY FOR TIME

See the full project at TIME.com/opioids

Technology

DR. WATCH WILL SEE YOU NOW

THIS GADGET CAN MONITOR YOUR HEART AND WARN YOU OF TROUBLE. WHY APPLE AND THE REST OF SILICON VALLEY SEE YOUR HEALTH AS THEIR NEXT FRONTIER—AND WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE RISKS AND BENEFITS

BY ALEX FITZPATRICK

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BLACK PANTHER WERE ABOUT to defend Earth from the villain Thanos when Kevin Foley first noticed something was wrong. Foley, a 46-year-old information-technology worker from Kyle, Texas, was heading into the theater to see *Avengers: Infinity War* when he realized he was having trouble breathing normally. The sensation struck again during another movie the following night, but more severe this time. Once the credits on the second film rolled, Foley took action: he looked at his wristwatch. It was a bigger step than you might imagine, because Foley was wearing

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATION BY DANNY KIM FOR TIME

aVL
aVF
V3
mV
10:09
ECG
Hold your finger on the crown.

an Apple Watch equipped with medical sensors and experimental software to track basic functions of his heart. And the watch was worried. It had, according to the display, detected signs of an irregular heartbeat.

Before long, Foley was in an emergency room, where doctors hooked him up to an electrocardiogram (ECG), which showed that he was in atrial fibrillation, or AFib, an irregular heartbeat that can lead to blood clots, stroke and other potentially fatal complications. Foley spent the next few days in the hospital while doctors worked to return him to a normal sinus heart rhythm—eventually turning to a procedure called electrical cardioversion to shock his heart back to normalcy. Foley is doing fine now. But he believes that, if not for the warning on his watch, he might not have sought help in time. "I would have never known," he says.

Foley and his watch were part of an experiment run by Apple and Stanford's medical school. But beginning Dec. 6, anyone can get an on-the-fly heart checkup, assuming they've shelled out $399 or more for an Apple Watch. That's when Apple will roll out a software update that turns its latest model, called the Series 4, into a personal ECG, thanks to an innovative new sensor. Though less sophisticated than hospital ECG machines—which typically require sticking 10 different electrodes to the patient's body—the watch version can nonetheless provide basic information and warnings of potential anomalies worthy of a closer look by a medical professional.

For Apple, this new ECG-on-your-wrist is its biggest bet yet that personal technology will inevitably encompass personal health. Along with competitors, Apple gadgets have already offered fitness functions, such as apps to track the steps you've walked. But with the new ECG scan, Apple is moving squarely into medical aspects of health, a distinction underscored by the fact it sought—and received—Food and Drug Administration clearance for the cardiac monitor.

Indeed, CEO Tim Cook isn't modest about the company's ambitions. "Apple's largest contribution to mankind will be in improving people's health and well-being," he told TIME in a recent interview. That may sound like a lot of pressure for a watch that can tell you the time in Mickey Mouse's voice, but Apple isn't alone. Having disrupted work, shopping, entertainment and our social interactions, Silicon Valley increasingly wants to play doctor too. From Google, which has a secretive division devoted to no less a puzzle than lengthening the human life span, to startups like AliveCor, which makes its own tiny ECG heart monitor to connect to smartphones, companies large and small are looking for ways to scan, analyze and track your bodily functions. Venture capitalists invested a record $10.8 billion last year in startups working in health-related fields like biotech and genetics, according to deal-tracking site PitchBook.

If successful, tech companies will usher in a new era in which your vital signs are constantly monitored, you and your doctor have access to a trove of data and your phone or watch can alert you of potential danger. Scientists are devising ways to address mental health too. But for every benefit, there are new risks as well. From privacy-shredding data breaches to overhyped developments like the now-disgraced Theranos blood tests, Silicon Valley has a distinct deficit of trust with consumers these days.

Even if everything works much as advertised, are patients and doctors ready? Some experts already fear a surge of watch-wearers flooding emergency rooms and physicians over the slightest blip—potentially prompting costly and unnecessary tests (and no small measure of anxiety).

Either way, this is happening now, and in a big way, thanks to Apple's already enormous customer base. "We have tens of millions of watches on people's wrists, and we have hundreds of millions of phones in people's pockets," says Apple's chief operating officer Jeff Williams, who oversees the company's health projects. "There's a huge opportunity to empower people with more information about their health. So this is something we view as not only an opportunity, but a responsibility of ours." This holiday season, if you aren't obsessively checking your cardiac function, you'll probably know someone who is.

THE WATCH'S ECG IS APPLE'S BIGGEST BET YET ON PERSONAL HEALTH TECHNOLOGY

THE FIRST CLEAR EVIDENCE of Apple's health fixation arrived in 2014, just three years after the death of its visionary co-founder Steve Jobs from complications related to pancreatic cancer. A

SPENCER LOWELL—TRUNK ARCHIVE

Exercise specialists collect data from participants in Apple's Fitness Lab

new app appeared on the iPhone called, simply, Health. It was in some ways a virtual medical file, a place for users to store data on everything from body weight to blood pressure to the results of various tests. The idea was to give people a central spot to collect sensitive health information, one that would make it easy to share with medical professionals while at the same time keeping it secure with Apple's data-encryption technology. Some information could be typed in by the user, while other data could flow directly into Health from compatible devices and apps. Wi-fi scales and Bluetooth blood-pressure monitors, for instance, could automatically update your record.

A year later, Apple moved more directly into measuring your body's functions when it launched the first Apple Watch. The back of the device included green LEDs and light sensors that press against the wearer's wrist. The watch could calculate pulse by flashing the LEDs hundreds of times a second and measuring how much green light was absorbed by the blood. Apple wanted to market the Watch as a fitness companion, and Williams, the COO, says the sensor was born out of a need to more accurately track the number of calories a user burned in a day.

In 2017 the company partnered with Stanford to launch the experiment that helped Kevin Foley find out about his AFib. It was called the Apple Heart Study. Researchers wanted to see if the Apple Watch could be useful for identifying irregular heart rhythms. It involved more than 400,000 volunteers, all wearing an Apple Watch that periodically checked for abnormalities. If anything out of the

ordinary was detected, the user was put in touch with a doctor and, in some cases, sent a traditional ECG device, which was then used to assess the accuracy of the watch. As Foley learned, the technology worked.

But even as subjects in the Stanford study were getting a window into their cardiac health, Apple was engineering a closer look still at the heart. The company's Series 4 watch, which went on sale Sept. 21, looked much like its predecessors—but it actually includes a new set of sensors capable of measuring electrical activity in the body.

An ECG is, in effect, simply a way of measuring electrical signals, but it can reveal much more about what's going on in the heart than pulse alone. The watch can perform an ECG thanks to two electrodes, one on the back of the device where it makes contact with a user's wrist, and the other on the side. Once the updated software rolls out to activate the feature, users will be able to open a new ECG app and place a finger on the watch's crown. About 30 seconds later, users can view a readout of the heart rhythm on their iPhone, and they will be alerted to potential abnormalities.

A traditional hospital ECG is often referred to as a "12-lead" machine, because its 10 different electrodes provide information on 12 different areas of the heart. (See "The Beat Goes On" for more.) The Apple Watch ECG, lacking all those wires stuck to different parts of your body, is similar to what's considered a single-lead device. Yet research suggests that even that pared-down approach can provide a surprisingly useful picture of the heart. While final data from the Stanford study hasn't yet been published, Apple says the Series 4's accuracy levels are over 98% when compared with a 12-lead ECG. "The FDA has been very rigorous, and they should be," says Williams.

To be clear, no one is suggesting that a watch can substitute for a doctor. Any anomalous readings from the ECG can be transmitted to the user's physician, along with a note detailing any physical symptoms users may have been feeling that spurred them to take an ECG reading in the first place. The new Apple Watch can also be set up to periodically scan for potential abnormalities in the background, and alert users when something may be amiss, prompting them to take an ECG. (Two other caveats: it's not meant for people under the age of 22 or those previously diagnosed with AFib.)

Even as it was devising new sensors and software, Apple was also beefing up its health expertise. In a move that didn't attract much attention among tech journalists but that made a splash in the medical-tech world, Apple hired Dr. Sumbul Desai from Stanford's medical school to serve as its vice president of health.

Desai, 46, is considered an expert at the intersection of medicine and health. After earning a degree in computer science from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, she worked at IBM and then ABC and Disney. She went back to school for a medical degree and completed her residency at Stanford, eventually joining the university and later becoming vice chair of strategy and innovation for the department of medicine. She continues to serve as a clinical associate professor of medicine there in addition to her Apple responsibilities, a signal of the level of cooperation between the organizations.

Desai says she believes the type of continuous monitoring possible with personal technology will be a medical game changer. "When I'm seeing patients, it's often just the snapshot that I get when you're in clinic with me, but what goes on in your everyday life is a big black box," she says. Gadgets and apps will allow patients to give their doctors "a more complete picture."

THE ENGINEERS of Silicon Valley have a long history with health technology—but of the corporate, rather than the personal, variety. Indeed, Hewlett-Packard, the origin of the startup-in-a-garage mythos, grew to have a robust business in medical instrumentation for hospitals and doctors' offices.

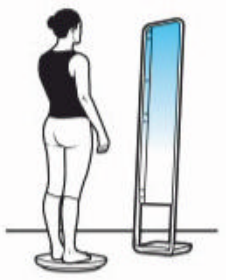
But the rise of the smartphone has all but guaranteed a move to get personal with your health. Practically all people are now walking around with a powerful computer in their pocket, one that's capable of serving as the hub for other gadgets, like watches and sensors. More to the point, though, given how capable most phones are now, makers need to find new ways to distinguish their products beyond bigger screens and slightly-better-than-last-year's cameras.

FULL-BODY WORKUP

Tech companies offer a growing list of personal health–related devices. Here's a sampling:

QARDIOARM
Wireless Blood-Pressure Monitor
A compact blood-pressure monitor that syncs with a user's smartphone and can share data with medical providers

ALIVECOR
KardiaMobile
This stand-alone device takes ECG readings in less than 30 seconds with the touch of a few fingers



NAKED
Home Body Scanner
Naked Labs' body-scanning mirror and scale that records a user's weight and height to determine body mass index (BMI), a useful fitness metric

MUSE
Muse 2
Designed as a meditation aide, Muse's headband tracks users' brain-wave feedback, heart rate and posture to guide their sessions

Health care may be the right prescription. Global health care spending is estimated to reach $8.7 trillion annually by 2020. Apple in particular needs a way to make up for what analysts forecast to be sagging iPhone sales. (The smartphone accounted for about 60% of Apple's $62.9 billion in revenue in the most recent quarter.) If health-tracking features can keep current customers loyal to iPhones and Apple Watches and help attract new buyers, they will provide a lifeline to this critical part of Apple's business.

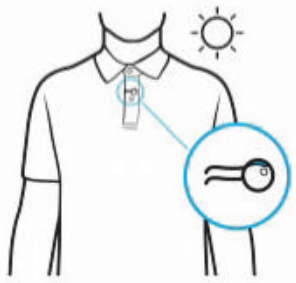
But pretty much everyone wants in on this. Google parent Alphabet backs a head-spinning range of health initiatives, from artificial intelligence to detect signs of illness when fed a patient's health data; to Calico, a subsidiary devoted to understanding human aging with an eye to longer life spans. Facebook, meanwhile, has reportedly considered a data-sharing program with hospitals. The startup 23andMe has turned DNA testing into a consumer product; pharmaceutical giant GlaxoSmithKline recently acquired a $300 million stake in the company.

Unfortunately, Silicon Valley's aspirations have been marred by missteps—most notably in the case of Theranos, founded in 2003 and valued at approximately $10 billion by 2015. Theranos and its charismatic CEO, Elizabeth Holmes, promised to revolutionize medical testing by dramatically reducing the amount of blood required to get usable results, cutting costs in the process. The company couldn't deliver, and Holmes was indicted earlier this year on federal charges including wire fraud.

In the long run, however, it's privacy concerns that have the biggest potential to hamper tech companies' health dreams. News of data breaches that expose consumers' personal information have become practically routine. Some 23andMe customers have already expressed outrage over the GlaxoSmithKline deal, which in part gives the pharma giant access to 23andMe users' anonymized data for drug targeting. Facebook's hospital data-sharing idea was shelved after the Cambridge Analytica scandal, which convinced many everyday social-media users to reconsider what data they're sharing and with whom they're sharing it.

Yet some of the most powerful advances in health could come from taking the data from all of these individual users and mining it for new discoveries. "I'm hopeful and optimistic that if we collect lots of data, put it all together and crunch our way through it, we'll find out useful and interesting things, be able to improve health and all these really good things," says Nicholson Price, assistant professor of law at the University of Michigan Law School. "The negative side of that of course is what it always is, which is that Big Data is great for selling people stuff."

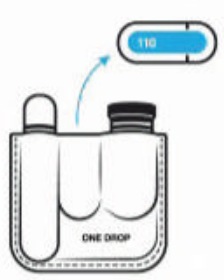
In that respect, Apple may have an advantage. The company has sought to build a privacy-friendly image, and compared with most of its competitors, Apple focuses more on selling hardware, music and movies than on monetizing its customers' data. And it took a public—and controversial—stand when it objected to helping the FBI unlock an iPhone used by a gunman in a December 2015 San Bernardino, Calif., shooting. Apple COO Williams says all health data collected by the Apple Watch is encrypted both on the device itself and if users choose to back it up, making it harder for hackers to reach.



LA ROCHE-POSAY
My Skin Track UV
L'Oréal's clip-on gadget records a wearer's exposure to ultraviolet (UV) light, which increases risk of skin cancer

STARKEY
Livio AI
This artificial intelligence–backed hearing aid's audio sensitivity can be adjusted with a companion smartphone app; it doubles as a step counter

PHILIPS
SmartSleep
Philips' sensor-packed headband detects when a wearer is in deep sleep, then emits specialized sounds meant to improve their sleep quality



ONE
Drop Glucose Meter
This Bluetooth-enabled glucose monitor helps diabetics track their blood-sugar levels as well as see historical trends in a companion app

SOME CARDIOLOGISTS and other experts have raised concerns that the Apple Watch's ECG feature is unnecessary for the general population or could cause problems, including false positives. At best, they say, that could result in stress for users and unnecessary visits to doctors, helping further burden an increasingly sluggish health care system. Worse, false positives could also lead to unnecessary follow-up tests, with the costs and health risks those can involve.

"If everybody with an Apple Watch and an alert from an Apple Watch went to a heart-rhythm doctor that was super comfortable with this, then I think it would be O.K.," says Dr. John Mandrola, a cardiac electrophysiologist practicing in Louisville, Ky. "But there are going to be millions of people going to the doctor that in many cases will be just fine."

Apple responds that no medical test is 100% accurate, so some false positives are inevitable. But it has taken steps to reduce them: the Apple Watch will only alert users to a potential problem if it detects five instances of what it considers a cardiovascular episode.

What worries Mandrola and others, though, is the sheer scale of what's about

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TODD DETWILER FOR TIME

to unfold—a consequence of the ubiquity of Apple's products. Come Dec. 6, every single Apple Watch Series 4 owner will suddenly have access to this on-demand ECG readout. The company doesn't break out watch-sales figures, but one highly regarded analyst estimates it will sell about 9 million of the latest model by year's end. And even doctors skeptical of the device may have to heed its warnings, lest they expose themselves to liability issues.

While Apple's setup process offers a quick briefing explaining what an ECG shows, it will largely be up to users' physicians, cardiologists and other medical professionals to respond to concerns—and to use the data as they see fit, if at all. Apple says it has worked closely with medical experts to deliver that information in a way that's familiar and useful rather than foreign and overwhelming. "There was a lot of thought put into the user interface to make sure someone understands what to do with the information, so that it's actionable but not anxiety-provoking," says Desai.

As to the future beyond ECG readouts, Apple executives would not comment on coming features. A recently filed patent hints at a noninvasive glucose monitor, but patents don't always become products. Meanwhile, though, other companies are busy developing and selling add-on devices, from a blood-pressure monitor to a sleep-aiding headband.

But one other big opportunity looms: mental health. Though harder to quantify than ECG and blood-pressure readings, doctors learn more all the time about how mental health affects a person's overall well-being. And as technology companies are increasingly criticized for their role, whether real or perceived, in damaging our mental health, there's pressure to find solutions.

To that end, Apple has launched several features, including Screen Time, an iPhone app that keeps tabs on the amount of time a user spends on their device, and Breathe, an Apple Watch app that guides users through a brief deep breathing exercise. "From a physician and medical standpoint, your mental health is what drives a lot of your physical health too," says Desai. "We like to focus on the full person." ◻

THE BEAT GOES ON

The squiggly lines of an electrocardiogram (known as an ECG or EKG for short) are like a "book with stories to tell," says Dr. Khaldoun Tarakji, director of the Heart and Vascular Institute at the Cleveland Clinic. The lines represent the electrical signals that contract and relax heart muscle, creating the rhythmic beating that pumps blood. And as with any good story, pacing is crucial: the peaks and valleys can reveal insights into the health of the heart, especially about so-called arrhythmias, or irregular heartbeats, which can be caused by a struggling heart or genetic conditions. Here's how doctors break down the waves.

HOW STRONG IS THE HEART?

The first bump in the repeated wave reflects the activities of the atria, or top two chambers of the heart. The right atrium pumps blood low with oxygen from its trip through the body while the left atrium pumps out blood rich with oxygen. The next three points on an ECG, which peak up and then down again, represent the activity of the ventricles. The right ventricle pumps oxygen-poor blood to the lungs, while the left ventricle pumps oxygen-rich blood from the left atrium to the rest of the body.

A healthy heart produces a repeated wave pattern that's both consistent and evenly spaced out. Waves too close together suggest a heart that is beating too fast, a condition known as tachycardia, which is normal during exercise but, if it doesn't slow during rest, can put dangerous pressure on blood vessels

Wave patterns with widely spaced peaks suggest the heart is beating too slowly, or displaying bradycardia. It may not be sending enough blood to the different parts of the body. Bradycardia can be caused by problems with the natural pacemaker of the heart, or by electrical signals that aren't zipping between the top and bottom chambers; such a heart block can lead to dangerously slow beating.

HOW HEALTHY ARE THE CHAMBERS?

How wide or large each wave cycle is can also tell doctors about the size of the heart's four chambers. Because the heart is a muscle, when it's working too hard to pump blood, it becomes inefficient and can enlarge to try to compensate for the poorer flow. Over time, that can lead to heart failure.

ARE THERE ANY GENETIC PROBLEMS?

Patterns that vary from the normal range can sometimes signal life-threatening genetic disorders. In long QT syndrome, for example, the heart beats are so chaotic that they can trigger fainting spells, seizures and even sudden death when enough blood isn't pumped to the brain and body.

—Alice Park

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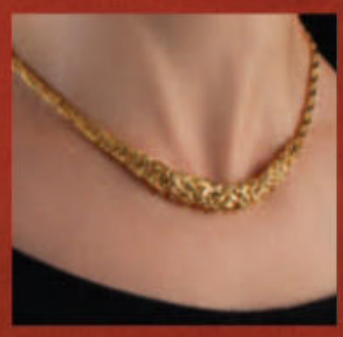

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Culture

ADAPTING GENIUS

Moonlight filmmaker Barry Jenkins makes a James Baldwin classic all too timely

BY ELIZA BERMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY AUSTIN HARGRAVE

The Florida-born filmmaker tells human stories that move audiences toward a place of greater empathy

BARRY JENKINS DOESN'T JUST LOVE James Baldwin—he calls the 20th century literary lion his "personal school of life." But Baldwin's work was long out of reach for storytellers like him because the writer's family has been, since his death in 1987, reluctant to grant the rights to adapt his work.

Not so any longer. This month Jenkins brings to the screen an adaptation of Baldwin's 1974 novel, *If Beale Street Could Talk,* marking the first English-language film based on one of the author's published works. It would be easy to assume that Jenkins received the keys to the Baldwin kingdom thanks to the Best Picture statue his 2016 drama, *Moonlight,* won at the 89th Academy Awards. But Jenkins, who discovered Baldwin in college at the urging of an ex-girlfriend, had already adapted *Beale Street* well before *Moonlight* was filmed—without knowing whether he'd be able to secure the rights. Baldwin's family, on the strength of that screenplay and Jenkins' sole feature-length credit—his 2008 debut, *Medicine for Melancholy,* made for only $15,000—took a risk of their own and said yes.

It paid off. Jenkins' adaptation, which stars KiKi Layne and Stephan James as Tish and Fonny, soul mates kept apart by a rotten, racist criminal-justice system as they await the birth of their child, has met with shimmering reviews and already begun collecting honors, in particular for Jenkins' screenplay and a supporting turn by Regina King as Tish's mother.

"I just wanted to send people back to James Baldwin," says Jenkins, 39, over green-lentil soup at a Provençal bistro just blocks from Manhattan's Washington Square Park, where early in the movie Tish and Fonny cavort, giddy with love, unaware of the bitter spell that awaits them. "I'm still trying to understand this new relationship I have with him, to have my voice so aligned with his."

Jenkins, whose thick plastic glasses and chunky navy cardigan project a nerdy-chic aesthetic, is aligned with Baldwin in more ways than one. Both write from perspectives outside their own. Both amplify voices that are often marginalized in our society. And most of all, both tell stories about love—romantic, filial, fraternal—that transcend the obvious.

With *Moonlight* and now *Beale Street*, Jenkins cements his status as one of the most vibrant visual storytellers of our time and also one of the most crucial voices. His three features could be categorized by the social issues they grapple with—gentrification in his debut; the intersection of sexuality, race and class in *Moonlight;* and the racism that corrupts American law enforcement in *Beale Street*—but Jenkins doesn't see it this way. "I've never considered myself making capital-*I* issue movies," he says.

For him, the story begins with humans and ripples out from there. Those humans are imbued by his touch with a dignity and humanity rare for Hollywood, rarer still for characters like *Moonlight*'s Chiron, a poor black boy growing up to realize he is gay, or Fonny, a young artist entangled in a system that has no regard for his dreams. Many filmmakers tell great stories, but Jenkins trades in an increasingly rare quality in our divided America: empathy.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE watching a Barry Jenkins film when you find yourself wanting to press pause every few minutes, freeze the frame and hang it over your couch. His camera lingers on a face seconds longer than you're used to, asking you not just to look but to see. The colors—the inverted yellows and blues of Tish's and Fonny's clothes when we first meet them walking along a wooded path in Harlem or the shades of cerulean reflecting off a boy's skin as he stands before the ocean in *Moonlight*—look too lush to be true, but their brilliance feels wholly earned.

Yet in Jenkins' dreamlike films, his characters face nightmarish realities. Fonny is falsely accused of rape and incarcerated after a racist cop targets him, leaving a pregnant Tish to fight for his release. The injustices people of color face at the hands of law enforcement are laid bare by the film's most harrowing scene, a conversation between Fonny and Daniel, an old friend he's run into, played by *Atlanta*'s Brian Tyree Henry. Daniel has just been released from prison for stealing a car, despite the impossibility of his guilt—he doesn't even know how to drive. As the men drain one beer, then another, Daniel makes plain his anguish. He has his freedom, but he will never again feel free.

PREVIOUS PAGE: AUGUST; THESE PAGES: ANNAPURNA PICTURES

Henry attributes the scene's power to the intimacy Jenkins created on set. "Usually you can see the director in front of you, the monitor, the boom mic," he says. "But he removed all those elements and set them on the outside of that room. It was just me and Steph at the table."

Jenkins toyed with the idea of spelling out the story's connection to the present. "But it seemed to me there was

Layne and James light up If Beale Street Could Talk *with a love that's tested by society's ills*

an implicit power in allowing it to remain set in the early 1970s," he says, "and to illustrate how pervasive these problems have been and how little we've done to correct them." Might that lead audiences to see the tale as squarely situated in the past tense? Sure, says Jenkins. But only if they haven't absorbed story after story of unarmed black men killed by police, not to mention untold others whose lives have been upended by the twin forces of structural racism and mass incarceration.

"Could we have put a coda with all those young men?" Jenkins asks. He shakes his head. "It would have been too many men to name. It would have been too many men to name."

IN THE BACKYARD of the housing project where Jenkins grew up, in the Liberty City section of Miami, stood a portal to other worlds: a satellite dish that craned its neck this way and that so that Eddie Murphy might be transported into a little boy's living room. Recalls Jenkins: "Back in those days, you had to literally press a button and you'd run outside and watch as the dish pivoted and turned."

Jenkins describes his upbringing as "difficult" and "chaotic." His mother had a "raging drug addiction"—she was half the inspiration, along with the mother of his co-writer, Tarell Alvin McCraney, for Naomie Harris' Oscar-nominated turn in *Moonlight*. His siblings were a decade older, and he was often alone. "I closed in on myself, creating a cocoon," he says.

That cocoon began to open up, if only slightly, when he left for Florida State University, where he studied film. After

Baldwin graced the cover of TIME in May 1963 after the publication of his widely read essays on race in America

graduating, he moved to Los Angeles for a gig at Oprah Winfrey's Harpo Films, but 18 months in, he experienced a crisis of confidence. He made his way to San Francisco, where he scrounged up enough to make a feature, *Medicine for Melancholy,* about strangers who spend the day together after a one-night stand. The movie screened at several film festivals, where it won over critics.

But Jenkins turned to advertising, still unsure of his potential. Five years had passed, and he knew that in order to create again, he needed a change of scenery. He bought a ticket to Brussels. "Four days in, I finished the first chapter of *Moonlight*. I was like, Hang on, wait a second. I wrote 40 pages in four days. That's insane." Then he jetted to Berlin and churned out the adaptation of *Beale Street* in a brisk four weeks. He came home, a screenplay in each hand.

Moonlight went on to make history, although not exactly in the way Jenkins might have imagined. During the 2017 Oscars, after accepting the trophy for Best Adapted Screenplay alongside McCraney, he became the first director ever to fall victim to a backstage envelope mix-up. Presenters Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway were handed the wrong envelope and announced the Best Picture as *La La Land*. That movie's producers got two minutes into their thank-you's before informing the audience that there had been a mistake: *Moonlight* had won.

The win was a triumph for *Moonlight*—which, with its $1.5 million budget and lack of star wattage, was among the lowest-grossing winners ever and the first winner to center on the life of a gay protagonist. But the chaos of "Envelopegate," as it came to be known, overshadowed the simple fact of the film's much deserved win. Accidental as the error may have been, it felt to many like a glaring

commentary on the unbearable whiteness of Hollywood.

Nearly two years later, Jenkins is on the campaign trail again with *Beale Street.* But this time, it's different. With *Moonlight,* no one expected much, least of all Jenkins, who didn't even realize he was campaigning until halfway through the campaign. "This time there's this expectation to prove that the thing before is legit," he says. "Added to that, I'm not the only person who adores James Baldwin."

If *Beale Street* should bring Jenkins back to the Dolby Theatre in February, he's more concerned with Baldwin's legacy than his own. "The higher the profile of this film, maybe somebody goes, 'Who is this James Baldwin? I really like that movie. I want to read his work.'"

Jenkins' adaptation arrives at a moment when Baldwin's cultural cachet is so great, it borders on trendy: his words circulate as memes on social media. The moment is overdue, to Jenkins' mind, but also troubling. "It's almost like those Che Guevara T-shirts," he says. "Is he going to end up sold in shopping malls? Where is that money going to go?" Jenkins can control only so much. But when it comes to what he can—doing justice to the work in a new medium—Baldwin fans can trust his steady hands.

La La Land *producer Jordan Horowitz hands a stunned Jenkins the Best Picture statue at the 2017 Oscars*

JENKINS REMEMBERS the day *The Color Purple* came out in theaters, in 1985. "It was a massive event for my family," he recalls. Until she died, his grandmother had a cross-stitch of Whoopi Goldberg as Celie Harris, sitting in a rocking chair in Steven Spielberg's adaptation of Alice Walker's Pulitzer Prize–winning novel.

Three decades later, a white man helming a story by and about black women would be met with extreme suspicion. The debate over who is allowed to tell which stories is far from settled. Jenkins laughs, thinking back on "simpler times." "My grandmother didn't give a damn" who directed it, he says. "She just wanted that story that had meant so much to her."

Today movies and shows are problematized before they've even become available for public consumption. "We live in a time where we feel like everything can be unpacked," says Jenkins. "'Unpacking' is becoming an industry in and of itself." At best, this atmosphere holds creators accountable for their stories. At worst, it burdens the artist and renders audiences unable to engage with the art.

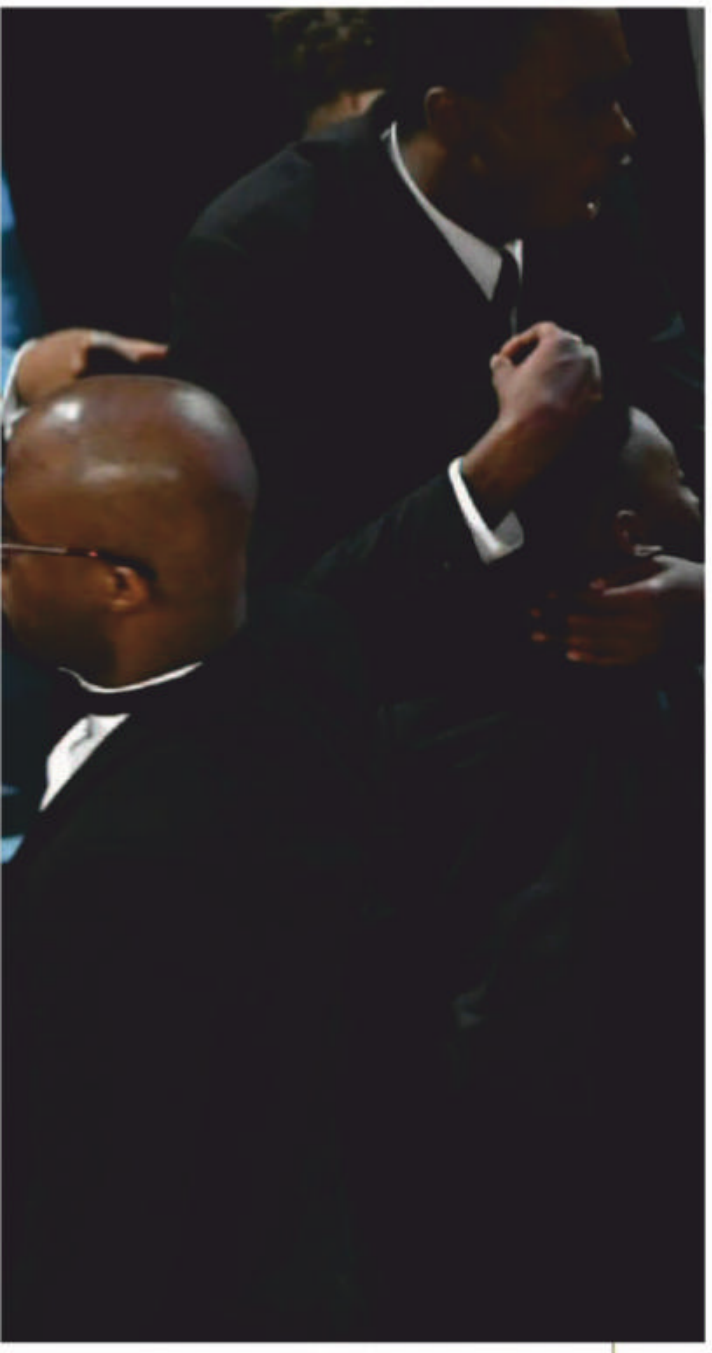
Jenkins should know. Even before *Beale Street* premiered, some expressed concern about the harm a story about a false rape accusation could do in the #MeToo era, when survivors of sexual assault are finally beginning to be believed. On the last day of preproduction, the Harvey Weinstein scandal broke. As the story's volume increased, Jenkins made adjustments, ensuring that the woman who accuses Fonny is not presented as an antagonist and that the audience never doubts the fact of her assault—only that she points her finger at the right man.

Like its source material, which is narrated by Tish, the movie is told from her perspective. "I'm not a black woman," says Jenkins. "I understood that I needed to listen to all the black women involved in making this film." When he adapted *Moonlight* from McCraney's play, the playwright, who is gay and wrote from his own experience, was his collaborator. Here, Jenkins engaged in an "intellectual tug-of-war" with Baldwin's ghost before realizing, "Yeah, I can't talk to Baldwin. But he's *also* not a black woman."

One of the women Jenkins relied on was Joi McMillon, an editor who has worked with him since their days at FSU. (She earned an Oscar nomination for *Moonlight.*) She advocated keeping a scene in which Tish's mother comforts her distressed, pregnant daughter. "To any other filmmaker, it would be a scene we could cut," she says. "But when I told Barry this was a scene that women who watch this movie are going to need, he kept it in."

Like Baldwin, whose protagonists are gay and straight, male and female, black and white, Jenkins has demonstrated that there is a responsible way to see beyond your own field of vision. "How much work are you willing to do to understand someone else's experience?" he asks. "How far are you willing to go to allow others to help you fill in the gaps?"

OSCARS: GETTY IMAGES; IF BEALE STREET COULD TALK: ANNAPURNA PICTURES



THE HOLLYWOOD in which Jenkins operates is drastically different from the one *Medicine* was released into a decade ago. "The audience has demanded stories that weren't being told that they were hungry for," he says. "But the test is going to be, five years from now, will we be the status quo or will there be more balance?"

Either way, Jenkins will be part of the conversation. He's currently at work on his first major TV project, an Amazon series based on Colson Whitehead's Pulitzer Prize–winning *Underground Railroad*. But for now, he's focused on Baldwin, whose words endure. When Baldwin appeared on the cover of this magazine in 1963, he addressed the possibility for change in the face of systemic inequality: "It is the responsibility of free men to trust and to celebrate what is constant—birth, struggle, and death are constant, and so is love—and to apprehend the nature of change, to be able and willing to change."

Sometimes, it feels as if much has changed since then; sometimes, not so much. But as long as birth, struggle, death and love remain constant, Jenkins won't run out of stories to tell. ◻

REVIEW

BALDWIN'S RHYTHMS COME ALIVE ONSCREEN

IN THE REAL WORLD, tables are pretty much the center of our lives—places where we gather with family, where we sit down for a drink with friends, where we write letters or pay bills. Tables are everywhere in the movies too, so commonplace we barely notice them. But you notice them in Barry Jenkins' marvelous adaptation of James Baldwin's *If Beale Street Could Talk.* They're essential to the movie's workaday poetry, to its sense of how people connect with each other during the most trying times. Nothing is easy for the lovers at the heart of *Beale Street,* played beautifully by KiKi Layne and Stephan James. But neither they nor anyone in their orbit have ever expected ease or simplicity. The overarching mood of Jenkins' film is one of joy brushed with melancholy; everything will be O.K., as long as two hands can meet across a table.

Layne and James play Tish and Fonny, childhood friends who have become lovers. They know each other so well that falling in love is less a leap than a wondrous turn, just one step toward a lifetime of happiness. If only it were that simple. Fonny is making a life for himself as a sculptor—he has a gift for shaping blocks of wood into both sinuous forms and angrily expressive ones. He and Tish are hoping to find a space where they can live together, but that presents difficulties by itself: no one in early 1970s New York will rent to a black couple, although one sympathetic landlord (Dave Franco, in a small, nicely wrought turn) is willing to give them a break. The world isn't totally against these two lovers; kindness does come their way, often from surprising sources. This isn't a story about bitterness but one about accepting grace wherever you can find it.

Then Fonny lands in jail for a crime, a rape, he didn't commit. Even though he has a solid alibi, it's a cop's word against his. Worse yet, his accuser has fled to Puerto Rico. The urgency of his plight is intensified by the new sound of an extra heartbeat: Tish is pregnant with Fonny's child. In the movie's most wrenching scene, Tish's mother Sharon (Regina King), who has known and loved Fonny all his life, travels to Puerto Rico to persuade Fonny's accuser (Emily Rios) to withdraw her allegation. Even in a film packed with fine performances, King is superb; the meeting between the two women has a devastating charge.

AS HE DID WITH his last picture, the extraordinary *Moonlight,* Jenkins moves the story forward with shifts in emotional color and texture. Baldwin's sentences are like birdsong, a ribbon of words weaving through open windows and doors. This is that rare literary adaptation in which the filmmaking style—and not just the dialogue—captures the lilting rhythm of a writer's language.

Baldwin often wrote about suffering, but he was alive to beauty and elegance too. *If Beale Street Could Talk* is sometimes an angry picture, an excoriation of a criminal-justice system that, then and today, is anything but just. Yet Jenkins never loses sight of the movie's glowing center: the love between Fonny and Tish, so calm and enveloping that it seems potent enough to cure the world's ills. The movie lands on a wistful note, not a despairing one, and its inclusiveness radiates far beyond the world of these two lovers. There's room for us all around their table. We have only to reach out.

—Stephanie Zacharek

King shines as Tish's mother, who is dedicated to helping the couple

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MOVIES

Spider-Man's sticking power

By Eliana Dockterman

In one of Into the Spider-Verse*'s many parallel worlds, Peter's friend Gwen Stacy gets bitten by the radioactive spider. She becomes the hero and Peter the one who needs saving*

IN A YEAR SO STUFFED WITH COMIC-BOOK CHARacters that 26 superheroes jockeyed for the chance to punch one purple alien in *Avengers: Infinity War,* you might be forgiven for feeling a little superhero fatigue. Your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man—who, despite his modest moniker, has starred in no fewer than eight live-action movies in 16 years—has become the most overexposed superhero of all.

This year alone, the webslinger starred in three huge projects: *Infinity War,* a Spider-Man video game and now an animated film called *Spider-Man: Into the Spider-Verse,* out Dec. 14. And yet all three were met with widespread acclaim and commercial success (if early box-office predictions for *Into the Spider-Verse* are to be trusted, at least). That list excludes *Venom,* an offbeat film about Spider-Man's villainous doppelgänger, but even that was a box-office smash. The character's proliferation begs the question: Why aren't audiences sick of Spidey?

'A black kid or a Latino or an Asian, it doesn't matter what color your skin is—you could be Spider-Man.'

STAN LEE, to the Huffington Post in 2016

Marvel legends Stan Lee and Steve Ditko conceived Spider-Man in 1962, when impressive but inaccessible heroes dominated comic books: Superman was an alien, Wonder Woman a demigoddess, Batman a brooding billionaire. Peter Parker was just a nerdy high school kid who couldn't work up the courage to ask out the girl next door. He was young—like his audience—funny, flawed and relatable.

Spider-Man may be Marvel's most popular character, but his success on the big screen has never been a guarantee. Following Sam Raimi's acclaimed trilogy starring Tobey Maguire, which ran from 2002 to '07, Sony rebooted the series in 2012 with two middling films starring Andrew Garfield that retreaded the ground of their predecessors. After all, an audience can be asked only so many times to watch Uncle Ben die while muttering something about power and responsibility.

And yet Sony has finally found a way to evolve a well-worn origin story. Another reboot in 2017, aptly called *Spider-Man: Homecoming,* revived Spidey's film career. Like the two versions that came before, the story centered on a young, awkward white guy. But for the first time, Peter's diverse group of friends realistically reflected the population of Queens.

This year's PlayStation video game inched closer to modern reality too: in that version of the story, Peter is eight years into his career as a superhero and dealing with adult problems, like how he and Mary-Jane—who is now a journalist rather than an aspiring actor—can combat the dated gender roles of hero and damsel in order to fight evil as a team.

BUT IT'S *INTO THE SPIDER-VERSE* that finally asks the most interesting question: What if that pesky arachnid had bitten someone else? The movie details the origin story of Miles Morales (voiced by Shameik Moore), the teenage son of a black policeman (Brian Tyree Henry) and a Puerto Rican nurse (Luna Lauren Velez), who gets bitten by—you guessed it—a radioactive spider. Miles has patrolled the streets of New York City for years in the comics, but his big-screen debut thrusts him into the larger pop-culture conversation.

The film asserts that there's nothing particularly special about Peter Parker, which may sound like sacrilege to comic-book purists. But *Lego Movie* duo Chris Miller and Phil Lord specialize in irreverence. (The two produced, and Lord co-wrote the film.) It begins with a cheeky montage of Peter's life, including the embarrassing emo dance

PREVIOUS PAGE: COLUMBIA PICTURES; THESE PAGES: SPIDER-WOMAN: COLUMBIA PICTURES; SPIDER-MAN: EVERETT (3)

sequence from *Spider-Man 3* and a Christmas album. "I always find a way to come back," Peter says, winking at his unusual resilience. And then, as Miles looks on, Peter dies—at the hands of the villain Kingpin (Liev Schreiber), who opens a hole in the space-time continuum, ushering several other Spider-People from alternate universes into Miles' Brooklyn.

First comes a curmudgeonly, 40-year-old Peter Parker (Jake Johnson), who's divorced, a little chubby and very jaded. (Miles moans, "Why did I get stuck with a janky, old, broke hobo Spider-Man?") But this Peter reluctantly mentors Miles, and later the two join forces with their spidery siblings from other worlds—Gwen Stacy (Spider-Gwen), a black-and-white Peter Parker (Spider-Man Noir), an anime-inspired Peni Parker and a pig named Peter Porker (Spider-Ham). The movie suggests that anyone—no, really, *anyone*—can wear the mask.

For Sony, that means an endless number of sequel and spin-off possibilities: the studio has already greenlighted *Spider-Verse 2* and a Gwen Stacy movie. For audiences, especially kids, the multitude of heroes offers the reassuring message that you don't have to be a white dude to save the world.

Miles proves to be more than just a Peter redux. Both his parents are alive, though his secret identity threatens his relationship with his policeman father, who openly criticizes Spider-Man's rule-breaking methods. And Miles is just plain cooler than Peter—he has plenty of friends and a talent for graffiti art that eventually finds its way into his costume. But he's starting at a new school for gifted kids and desperately wants to return to his old neighborhood. He's lonely, and the superpowers don't make his isolation any easier.

By playing with expectations of what Spider-Man is supposed to be, the cinematic universe expands to suggest that everyone can tap into their own power and win over fans—not just guys who look and act like Peter Parker.

ANYONE ALREADY OVERWHELMED by the number of Spider-People onscreen should ready themselves for the next decade of filmmaking: next year alone, Tom Holland will star in *Infinity War 2* as well as another solo film, *Far From Home*. Meanwhile, Sony is expanding the world of Spider-Man heroes and villains ever further with a *Venom* sequel, a Black Cat solo film and a movie about the villainous vampire Morbius.

Miles won't be relegated to animated films forever, either: he plays a key role in the PlayStation game, and the end teases an expanded Miles story line in the inevitable sequel. Even the Holland films have hinted at Miles' eventual appearance in the live-action movies. The question is whether Sony can maintain Miles' appeal. The studio misstepped when Peter's powers turned him into a cocky hero in the Garfield films. Any Spider-Man or Spider-Woman should feel overwhelmed by the responsibility.

At a time when characters like Wonder Woman and Black Panther have become icons of strength—they're literally a deity and a king—Spider-Man reminds audiences of just how vulnerable heroes can be. The best moments from the Spider-Man canon are those that zero in on Peter's youth and innocence: that time when a train full of New Yorkers save a maskless Spider-Man in *Spider-Man 2* and realize their hero is only a teen; the much memed moment in *Infinity War* when Spider-Man mumbles, "Mr. Stark, I don't feel so good," like a little kid; and, in *Into the Spider-Verse,* a scene where Miles rips off his own mask to reveal to an enemy that he's just some terrified high schooler.

As long as Spidey is a vulnerable hero, what the person under the mask looks like isn't all that important. *Spider-Verse* does not make much hay of the gender or ethnicity of Miles, Gwen and Peni. What matters is that they each remind audiences that, to quote Aunt May, "There's a hero in all of us."

More than half a century ago, Spider-Man became the original everyman. Now he's finally starting to look like it. ◻

THE MANY (SIMILAR) FACES OF SPIDER-MAN

Spidey's onscreen alter-ego has always been Peter Parker. Sixteen years after the original film, Sony looks to modernize the character. From left: Tobey Maguire, Andrew Garfield and Tom Holland.

Jones as the young Ruth Bader Ginsburg: distinguishing herself in a sea of men

MOVIES

The notorious RBG in training

By Stephanie Zacharek

AS MOVIE TITLES GO, *ON THE BASIS of Sex* isn't a particularly catchy one—anyone could be excused for thinking of it as "that Ruth Bader Ginsburg movie." But once you see *On the Basis of Sex,* you understand why no other name would suffice.

Directed by Mimi Leder and starring Felicity Jones as Ginsburg, with Armie Hammer as her husband Marty, the movie covers some 15 years in the life of the Supreme Court Justice and equal-rights superhero, focusing largely on one event: a 1972 tax case involving Charles Moritz (Christian Mulkey), a Denver man, caring for his elderly mother, who had been denied the dependent-care tax deduction, clearly because of his gender. Ginsburg, at the time a Rutgers law professor, and Marty, a tax lawyer, brought the case on Moritz's behalf before the 10th Circuit Court of Appeals and won. (It was the only case the two worked on together.) After that, Ginsburg began chipping away, law by outdated law, at gender discrimination—that is to say, discrimination on the basis of sex.

This well-intentioned movie is a somewhat flawed one: its pace is a little slack, and sometimes it feels too predictably prepackaged. But Jones and Hammer keep the picture moving even through its shakier phases. And if *On the Basis of Sex* does exactly what it's designed to do—honor some of Ginsburg's early achievements—it's also valuable as a snapshot of how a mutually supportive marriage between two equals can work. (Ginsburg's nephew Daniel Stiepleman wrote the script.) Hammer is pleasingly grounded as the steadfast husband who, for long stretches of the marriage, got the big, important jobs just because he was a man. And Jones is acutely perceptive in channeling Ginsburg's understated determination—the secret weapon beneath her calm, polite demeanor. The Ginsburgs won that early case together, but Ruth would carve a greater path on her own. Marty, certainly as Hammer plays him, must have known how much she could do, if only certain barriers could be knocked down. He helped his wife make that first, significant chip in a wall of stone—and then stood beside her even as he moved out of her way. ◻

MOVIES

Romantic angst in the Eastern bloc

THE OPENING OF PAWEL Pawlikowski's terrific, smoky-cool love story *Cold War* gives you no clue as to what lies ahead: Chickens. Snow. A country fiddler in a tattered tweed coat. More chickens. Mud. But this picture moves, like a swift, silvery ghost, from the Polish countryside in 1949, to Warsaw and Berlin, to the nightclubs of Paris and then—well, see for yourself.

Dedicated to the memory of Pawlikowski's parents, *Cold War* traces the fiercely passionate romance between musician Wiktor (Tomasz Kot, dashing and magnetic, like a Polish Clive Owen) and singer Zula (Joanna Kulig, sultry, pouty and more than a little dangerous). One minute they're together forever; the next, Wiktor is hunched, alone, over a piano in a Paris nightclub—but these two can never stay apart for long. Shot, like Pawlikowski's 2013 Oscar winner *Ida,* in lustrous black and white, *Cold War* is a beautifully crafted saga of love in treacherous times. Be ready for gloriously tortured romance, forbidden border crossings and more betrayals than you can shake a black silk stocking at. —S.Z.

Kulig: The war may be cold, but the romance is hot

ON THE BASIS OF SEX: FOCUS FEATURES; COLD WAR: MK2 FILMS; STAN & OLLIE: SONY CLASSICS

Coogan and Reilly get a kick out of playing Stan and Ollie

MOVIES

Laurel and Hardy at the end of the tour

Stan & Ollie, an affectionate vignette of the last years of the partnership between revered comedians Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, is such a gentle picture that there's barely enough tension to hold it together. But it's worth seeing if you're a Laurel and Hardy fan—or a fan of the actors playing them here, Steve Coogan and John C. Reilly, who give the duo a new heartbeat.

Directed by Jon S. Baird, *Stan & Ollie* is a fictionalized account of Laurel and Hardy's United Kingdom tour of the early 1950s. By that time, their heyday long past them, they'd become something of a nostalgia act. Their professional relationship, as well as their friendship, was frayed, and Hardy was beginning to suffer serious health problems. But the two kept at it, and in *Stan & Ollie,* it's a treat to watch Coogan and Reilly re-create the gags and gestures—Laurel's chimpanzee-style head-scratch; Hardy's rolling, saucy gait—that made the team so popular, and so famous.

Laurel was constantly writing new material for the duo, right up to their final bow and beyond: a poignant endnote tells us that he continued to write Laurel and Hardy skits until his death, in 1965, even though his partner had died eight years earlier. Coogan and Reilly give us a vivid sense of the prickly-tender kinship between these two men, and of how they stuck close, one fine mess after another. —*S.Z.*

BOOKS

The sounds and strains of London

By Nicholas Mancusi

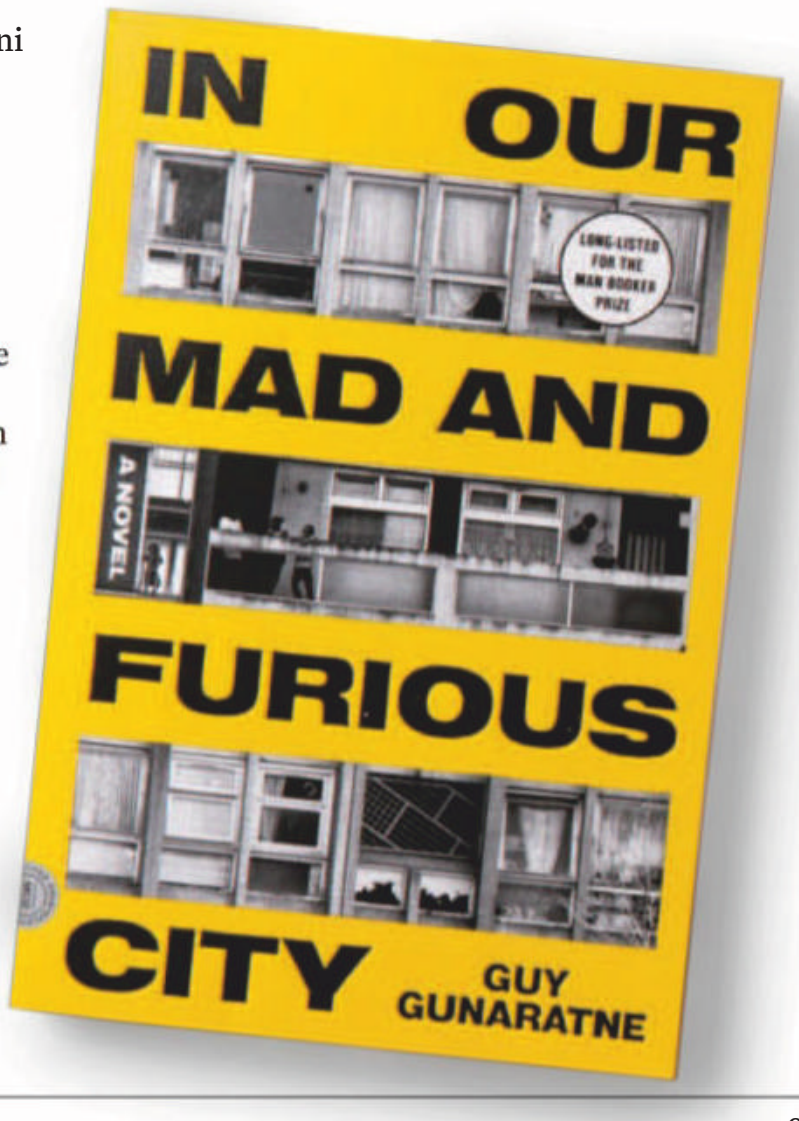
NOVELS THAT DISPLAY A COMMAND OF a particular voice as their most distinct feature can often fail by the same token, feeling like mere ventriloquism. This is decidedly not the case with Guy Gunaratne's brilliant and inventive debut *In Our Mad and Furious City,* which uses a chorus of distinct voices from within London's "council estates" (public housing) to present a gritty and tragic snapshot of the city.

The novel is told entirely in the first person, rotating through the perspectives of five characters whose lives have all been touched by extremism. There's a woman and her rap-loving son whose family was swept up in the violence of Northern Ireland's Troubles; an older black man of Britain's "Windrush" generation, during which workers from the Caribbean were encouraged to immigrate to Britain to rebuild after World War II but found themselves embroiled in strained race relations; his tough son; and the Pakistani son of a recently deceased imam, struggling with the radical teachings of the mosque's new leader.

In the riotous 48 hours following a killing reminiscent of the 2013 murder of Lee Rigby, all five lives are drawn together as London flares up in a spasm of sectarian and nationalist violence—one that is not far from a possible reality.

Gunaratne, a Londoner born to Sri Lankan immigrants, has a keen appreciation for his inherited city, a mix of love and disillusionment. The book thrums with his characters' appraisal of the city's often painful attempts to square its past with its present. For them, London is a place where "constant, punishing memories are left to spill into one another."

Gunaratne's prose swells to a stylish, ground-level street symphony. The vernacular that defines the language of the inhabitants of the estate, shot through with *ennet* and *nuttan* and *yuno* and more colorful turns of phrase, is not quite as impenetrable as the slang invented by Anthony Burgess for *A Clockwork Orange,* but nearly so. Although the slang is a barrier to entry at the start, the reader soon catches up—and as the book careens to its devastating conclusion, the linguistic flair reveals itself as entirely necessary. It is, Gunaratne proves to us, utterly inseparable from the people who use it to make sense of their lives, and the city where they must try to make a home. ☐



Gunaratne's debut novel was long-listed for this year's Man Booker Prize

TELEVISION

A 19th century schemer remade for the present

By Judy Berman

CLASSICS MAY BE CLASSIC FOR A reason, but that doesn't mean they age perfectly. In the 21st century, it seems impossible that marriage could satisfy the intellectual appetites of a whip-smart Jane Austen heroine, or that *The Merchant of Venice* could have been intended as a positive representation of Jews. Even thornier are stories whose entire moral architecture contradicts current values—like *Vanity Fair*.

Set during the Napoleonic Wars, William Makepeace Thackeray's 1848 epic is as funny, romantic and profound as ever. The challenge in adapting it for a contemporary audience, as Amazon has done in a seven-part co-production with Britain's ITV that comes to Prime on Dec. 21, is in framing its protagonist, Becky Sharp. A lovely and brilliant but thoroughly broke young woman of low social status, she is forced to find work as a governess. But instead of accepting her fate, she hunts for a rich husband.

In Thackeray's day, this social climbing made her a delicious, if not fully evil, villain; 170 years later, she looks more like an ambitious woman persisting despite limited options, and a faithful adaptation risks reaffirming the sexist and classist mores of 19th century England. So it's no wonder that we've seen some revisionist Becky Sharps before. With a screenplay co-written by *Downton Abbey* creator Julian Fellowes, director Mira Nair's lavish 2004 film cast Reese Witherspoon as a kinder, less treacherous Becky. The result was a sensuous spectacle in which one of literature's biggest personalities got swallowed up by the candy-colored scenery.

Adapted by Gwyneth Hughes *(Five Days)* for *Broadchurch* director James Strong, Amazon's less flashy but wittier and more morally complex version isn't quite so generous to Olivia Cooke's vivacious Becky. From the beginning, she's a firecracker threatening to incinerate her every suitor and friend—particularly her sweet, fragile schoolmate Amelia Sedley (Claudia Jessie), a bourgeois princess whose betrothal to the fickle George Osbourne (Charlie Rowe) blinds her to the purer affections of his fellow army officer William Dobbin (Johnny Flynn). Amelia's awkward older brother Jos (David Fynn) is just the first in a line of foolish bachelors who fall for Becky's fawning. Though the show omits some of the character's cruelest moments, Hughes doesn't flinch in depicting her as a selfish, conniving life ruiner.

Yet this Becky is lovable, thanks to the magnetic Cooke, whose performance as a teen sociopath in this year's *Thoroughbreds* proved she could humanize just about anyone. All bugged-out eyes and buoyant spirits, her Miss Sharp is the smartest, most beguiling person in every room; it becomes thrilling to watch her manipulate them. And a clever framing device that puts Thackeray on the screen (in the form of *Monty Python*'s Michael Palin) pays off in a conclusion that reminds us that the author's perspective on Becky isn't perfect either.

'It is more interesting to play someone who is completely flawed and imperfect. Or a psychopath.'

OLIVIA COOKE, to *Vanity Fair* magazine

VANITY FAIR isn't the only great work of literature that has become hard to adapt. Film and TV have struggled for decades to update headstrong female characters of the past, with mixed results: *10 Things I Hate About You* charmingly reimagined *The Taming of the Shrew* for the 1990s, with 90% less taming. Less successfully, a recent Masterpiece adaptation of *Little Women* overly softened Jo's prickly beau Friedrich Bhaer, removing any trace of ambiguity from a beloved character's happy ending.

Amazon's *Vanity Fair* isn't an ideal adaptation. The middle episodes can feel rushed. Scenes that fail to capture the scale of historic moments like the Battle of Waterloo suggest an overburdened budget. A pop soundtrack—which includes "Material Girl"—radiates a desperation to make the story feel current. But Cooke's performance alone is enough to convince us of its relevance; her Becky Sharp is a woman ahead of her time. By rendering that without denying her flaws, the newest *Vanity Fair* still manages to revive this singular character for yet another generation. ☐

Becky (Cooke) hitches her carriage to Captain Rawdon Crawley (Tom Bateman)

VANITY FAIR: AMAZON; THE INNOCENT MAN, NAILED IT!, SABRINA: NETFLIX; RUPAUL'S DRAG RACE: VH1; FULL FRONTAL: TBS

Ward has been fighting for his freedom since 1985

TELEVISION

A crime classic gets a new chapter

JOHN GRISHAM HAS WRITTEN DOZENS of legal thrillers but just one book of nonfiction: *The Innocent Man: Murder and Injustice in a Small Town*. Published in 2006, the true-crime story profiles Ron Williamson, a mentally ill man who, along with his friend Dennis Fritz, was wrongly convicted in the 1982 rape and murder of cocktail waitress Debbie Sue Carter. Grisham was hardly the first reporter on the case, but his best seller put a tale of egregious judicial corruption in sleepy Ada, Okla., back in the news.

Although the six-part Netflix docuseries *The Innocent Man,* which will be available to stream on Dec. 14, further updates that investigation, the shared title is a bit misleading. Director Clay Tweel weaves together Williamson and Fritz's story—which culminated in their exoneration by DNA evidence—with that of a minor character from the book: Tommy Ward, a gentle, devoutly Christian inmate at the Oklahoma State Penitentiary, serving a life sentence in the abduction and murder of 24-year-old Ada resident Denice Haraway. The case the DA mounted against Ward and his co-defendant in 1985 is eerily similar to the one that convicted Williamson and Fritz three years later: both relied on bizarre coerced confessions in lieu of definitive physical evidence. And the two investigations shared a cast of police, prosecutors and snitches. Yet Ward has remained behind bars for decades, desperate to prove his innocence.

The stylistic conventions of prestige true crime have ossified over the past few years, and Tweel adheres to them: there are tasteful, dimly lit re-enactments. Archival audio is paired with closeups of dusty cassette tapes spinning their tiny wheels. The soundtrack alternates between hysterical strings and the wholesome country chestnuts filmmakers love deploying, to grimly ironic effect, while uncovering the evil that lurks within some little town. An intrepid reporter turns up to inject suspense into the final few episodes with her search for alternate suspects in the Haraway murder.

Yet this isn't a typical whodunit; it's a character-driven study of the power that broken institutions wield over vulnerable individuals—which includes the families of victims who are led to believe justice has been served when it hasn't. Tweel and Grisham, an executive producer who appears in the miniseries, ask why the justice system so thoroughly failed these people, and demonstrate how hard it is to get convictions overturned.

This can, at times, make the series feel like an ad for the Innocence Project, the nonprofit that uses DNA to contest suspicious verdicts. (Grisham sits on the group's board of directors.) But Ward's story is powerful enough to underscore the necessity of such a compassionate appeal. —J.B.

Holiday jeer

Festive seasonal programming, with a touch of irreverence

NAILED IT! HOLIDAY!
In six new episodes, host Nicole Byer enlists inept bakers to re-create elaborate holiday sweets. The Advent calendar of cake wrecks includes a Hanukkah challenge. (Dec. 7, Netflix)

RUPAUL'S DRAG RACE HOLI-SLAY SPECTACULAR
Ru promotes his Christmas album with an all-star musical pageant featuring such beloved queens as Latrice Royale, Kim Chi and *Drag Race* lifer Shangela. (Dec. 7, VH1)

CHILLING ADVENTURES OF SABRINA: A MIDWINTER'S TALE
Kiernan Shipka's teen witch observes the pagan solstice in a wild special episode that even a goth grinch could love. (Dec. 14, Netflix)

FULL FRONTAL: CHRISTMAS ON I.C.E.
Samantha Bee skates to the finish line of a very long year with this guest-packed fundraiser for immigrant families separated by, yes, ICE. (Dec. 19, TBS)

REVIEW

After 50 years, a legend stays strong

By Maura Johnston

THIS NOVEMBER, VAN MORRISON CELEBRATED the half-centennial of his album *Astral Weeks,* on which the Irish troubadour added his rousing high baritone to a watercolor landscape awash with genres so thoroughly blended it nearly rendered the idea of categorizing music obsolete. The golden anniversary of Morrison's second album has been celebrated far and wide all year: retrospective appreciations have bloomed, and the delightful recent book *Astral Weeks: A Secret History of 1968,* by Ryan Walsh, connects the dots between that critically beloved release and the time Morrison spent in Boston a half-century ago.

Many artists would use a milestone like this to embark on a victory lap: add some bonus tracks or some remastering polish to the already existing work, then head out on a tour featuring re-creations of the studio tracks. But Morrison has been there and done that: *Astral Weeks* got the deluxe-reissue treatment in 2015, and he reworked the record at the Hollywood Bowl for the album's 40th anniversary in 2008.

Instead, Morrison has continued to create even while he flicks at the past. Over the past 15 months, he's released a string of albums that pay tribute to his own artistic roots; the newest, just released, is titled *The Prophet Speaks.* In September 2017's *Roll With the Punches,* Morrison muscles through R&B classics like Sam Cooke's "Bring It on Home to Me" and Ruth Brown's "Teardrops From My Eyes" alongside a few Morrison originals. *Versatile,* which came out a year ago, is a love letter to pop standards in a jazz-combo package, with stripped-down, smoky-lounge versions of "Unchained Melody," "A Foggy Day" and "Makin' Whoopee." And *You're Driving Me Crazy,* released in April, continues Morrison's jazz sojourn, with organist-trumpeter Joey DeFrancesco, who's collaborated with jazz titans like Miles Davis, getting second billing and adding his sideman expertise to standards and originals—like a stretched-out version of the *Astral Weeks* shuffle "The Way Young Lovers Do" that spotlights Morrison's scatting.

On *The Prophet Speaks,* Morrison's fourth album of his recent run and 40th album overall, the focus shifts a bit. It's nominally a blues record, although Morrison's a generous enough musical thinker to expand the genre so that other ideas are allowed in. DeFrancesco is back, as is his guitarist Dan Wilson, and Morrison adds harmonica to a few tracks, including a strutting take on the John Lee Hooker side "Dimples" (1956) and a gently raucous version of Solomon Burke's smash "Gotta Get You Off My Mind" (1965). Morrison's voice is one of pop's most recognizable instruments, and it still sounds like a siren call. His phrasing and interplay with his band indicate not just a studying of each song's structure but a deep dive into their feelings as well.

Though Morrison's 1968 album Astral Weeks *is now considered one of the best of all time, it sold poorly upon initial release*

THE PROPHET SPEAKS also contains six Morrison originals that reveal his close understanding of the blues as an art form. The lyrics strip down emotion to their essence, and they're paired with deceptively simple chord changes that allow Morrison and his band to spin off in their own directions, singing and soloing as they remain locked in a groove. "Got to Go Where the Love Is" lets Morrison's backing vocalists serve as angels on his soon-to-be-departing shoulder; "5am Greenwich Mean Time" gets its heat from DeFrancesco's insistent keyboards, which balance out Morrison's robust vocal.

The album closes with two originals that break slightly from the rest of the album's tightly wound vibe, yet show where Morrison's head is right now: "Spirit Will Provide" is a prayerful ballad that brings the otherworldliness of his past work into the mix, while the title track luxuriates in its late-night vibe, with DeFrancesco's muted trumpet and Wilson's acoustic guitar solo helping end the album on a pensive, faintly restless note. Even after so many decades, Morrison shows he's capable of pushing forward while continuing to look back at his own influences. ◻

MARK HOLLOWAY—GETTY IMAGES

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11 Questions

Lin-Manuel Miranda The creator of *Hamilton* on dancing through *Mary Poppins Returns,* raising boys and returning to the stage in Puerto Rico

Did you watch *Mary Poppins* as a kid? I had the VHS cassette and loved the first two-thirds, but "Feed the Birds" would always make me too sad and then I would turn it off.

How did you step into your joyful character, Jack, a lamplighter? My job in this film is to understand the childhood whimsy that Mary Poppins brings to every situation and to consider myself lucky to be along for the ride. I looked a lot at my own kids—my son has the most vivid imagination of anyone I've ever met. The other day I bought him a $5.99 fake Spider-Man phone, and it was an hour of him having fictional conversations and saving people.

Do you plan to rap in all your projects? I don't really think I rap in this movie. I think Dick Van Dyke's bars in "Jolly Holiday" are way closer to contemporary hip-hop than what I'm doing. Everyone forgets he drops 16 bars about all the women he's dated in the first movie.

Did you enjoy relocating to London for filming? To finish the year I'd had performing in *Hamilton,* leave the country and start this weird new life with my wife and kids was really amazing. The day before we shot "Trip a Little Light Fantastic," I brought my son to work. We rehearsed that entire eight-minute dance sequence as a continuous number, and he experienced Daddy surrounded by all those bikes and [lamplighters] doing that incredible dance in real time. The look on his face was one of the best moments of my life, full stop.

What has been the most surprising thing about fatherhood? The thing that drives you craziest about your children is the thing that's most similar to you. My son's a picky eater—he'll take a bite, then think for 20 minutes, while I'm sitting there steaming. I know I was just as bad. My parents laugh and laugh.

"THE HARDEST JOB AND YET THE MOST WORTHWHILE IS TO TEACH AND MODEL EMPATHY TO YOUR CHILDREN"

How do you think about raising boys in 2018? The hardest job and yet the most worthwhile is to teach and model empathy to your children.

***Hamilton* has remained a sensation. Why does it have such staying power?** It makes you reckon with what you're doing with your time on earth. When I read that book on Hamilton's life, I remember thinking, I can't believe he got all that done in such a short amount of time. In writing it, I got a little braver in stating what I want out of the world. I became a little more Hamilton and a little less Burr.

Why did you decide to reprise your role in Puerto Rico in January 2019? I played Usnavi in *In the Heights* in Puerto Rico, and it was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life as an actor. Then in the wake of Hurricane Maria, it became a very different thing: How can we leave the island better than we found it? We're trying to raise $15 million for arts organizations and artists on the island, and also really prioritize residents of the island seeing it.

You've been outspoken about the politics surrounding Maria since it hit. Now that a year has passed, what are your thoughts? In a weekend where everyone who had family or friends on the island was having trouble reaching them, our President was tweeting about football. I'll never forget that. I don't think history will ever forget that.

Would you ever write about President Trump? You have to love what you're writing about. Do you want to go to a musical about that? I don't.

You're sincere in a sarcastic world. Do you ever stoop to cynicism? I can be as snarky and cynical as the next person. However, we get to choose what we put out into the world. I try to put out what I would like back. —LUCY FELDMAN

MINDY SMALL—GETTY IMAGES

WHO WILL BE THE 2018

TIME

PERSON OF THE YEAR?

?

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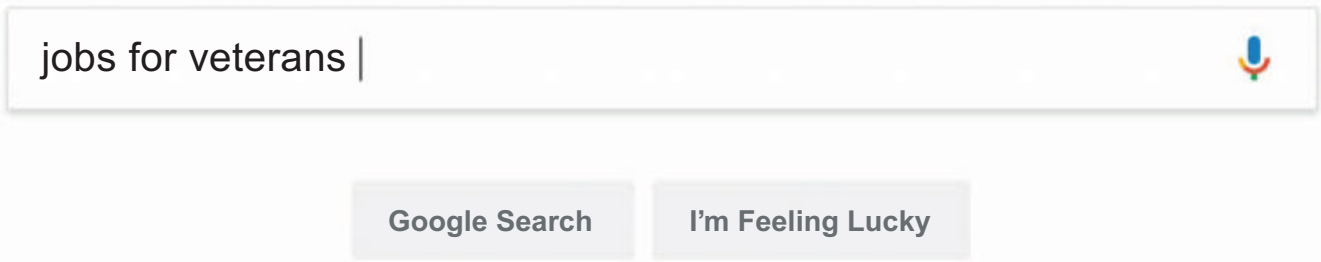

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